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WEDNESDAY, JULY 29, 1896.

SIXPENCE.
By Post, 6½d.



BARONESS DE BARRETO.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY A. BASSANO, OLD BOND STREET, W.

A T R A N D O M.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

"We'll e'en to 't like French falconers, fly at anything we see."

The Royal wedding has inflamed me with a proud sense of renunciation. I do not mean that I resigned a prior claim to the hand of Princess Maud. It is a case of high-minded waste of an opportunity in commerce. I might have let for a good round sum two windows which overlooked the procession, and the perspiring curiosity of thousands of citizens. My neighbours raised wooden altars on which stout ladies looked like burnt offerings; they hung out their hearth-rugs on the outer wall; even the grimy balconies of my club were draped with a red baize which had lost its virgin blush. Trade donned a wedding-garment, and the street smiled on the bridal pair with a decorative benison of profit; yet there was no speculation in my windows. When the historian of our era deals with this momentous occasion, I hope he will chronicle my disinterested loyalty.

The citizens who were jammed together on the pavement deserve some credit, too, for moral elevation. They had a very small reward for patience and acute discomfort. A Royal wedding discloses to the sight-seer little except a string of gilt coaches, in one of which the bride and bridegroom are immured. There is a good view of a coachman in a wig, and there is the intermittent joy beforehand of listening to the band of the Life Guards, and noting the peculiar choice of music in honour of the newly wedded. When the musicians struck up "'E Dunno Where 'E Are!" the crowd laughed. There was a distinct, though disrespectful, humour in the suggestion that somebody in the day's ceremony had "the cheek and impudence to call 'is mother 'is mar." But this delight was transient; and the frequent attempts to break the cordon of police must have palled upon even the keenest relish for athletic exercise. Perhaps a pertinacious little widow in the front rank enjoyed her afternoon, for she spent most of it in the arms of a stout policeman. For the rest the chief entertainment was provided by a dog, which ran feverishly up and down, and plaintively howled the inquiry, "Where in all this inexplicable mob is the careless biped who belongs to me?"

Having no personal acquaintance with Royal personages who have just been married, I cannot say with what feelings they view the affectionate populace; but I may surmise that to be enclosed in a mass of trundling gingerbread on a hot day is a not wholly unwelcome seclusion. The average bride passes through the ordeal of being pelted with rice and slippers by boisterous wedding-guests, and she does not mind a little spectacular renown in the church. It is something to be arrayed in finery for the eyes of a reasonable number of beholders. But to feel that her wedding is a London holiday, and that a multitudinous gaze awaits her in the streets, is a trial to the Royal bride which makes the disinterested spectator lenient to the gilt coach. I do not complain that the Princess escaped my deferential vision because it failed to penetrate the gingerbread panels; and, if these lines should meet the eye of an intelligent equerry or nobleman-in-waiting, I hope he will tell her that there was one lowly spectator who had the sympathetic delicacy not to let his windows.

Sensitive pride sadly lacks appreciation. I learn from a Blue Book on adulteration that there are people who buy margarine and wish their neighbours to believe that it is butter. They were represented before a Select Committee of the House of Commons by witnesses who suggested that such customers might be allowed to receive their margarine from the salesman in brown paper, so as to disguise the label. The Committee would not hear of it. If you use margarine you must not rise to the social eminence of butter by a subterfuge. The margarine merchant is to be licensed and registered; and why should his clients lay the flattering unguent to their palates that their bread is buttered on both sides? Evidently the matter cannot rest here. The law must pursue margarine to our hearths and homes, lest we should deceive even our bosom-friends. I am of a democratic turn, and do not wish to multiply class distinctions; but if the barrier between butter and margarine is to be maintained, it must appear in the Red Book. Every margarine-eater in Burke must be labelled like this: "Hoggins. Ancestor fought at Hastings, under the name of De Hogyns. Margarine." When Mrs. Hoggins invites me to afternoon tea, she must put "Margarine" on the corner of the card. It might be well for every brass door-plate to bear the same certificate, if justified by the habits of the household; but that is a point which the Select Committee—Select Committees always compromise on something—may not be disposed to press.

I notice a lamentable sign of weakness in the refusal of the Committee to fix the colour of margarine. Usually it resembles butter as closely as it can, and this deception, at least, might be prevented by making margarine a statutory vermilion. That delicate tint might even give it a social prestige among people with an Oriental taste in decoration. I can hear Mrs. Hoggins explaining her margarine to the embarrassed visitor. "It goes so well with the wall-paper, you know, and butter is so trying to the complexion." This idea did not occur to the Committee; but then, poor men, they cannot think of everything; besides, their struggle with chicory would exhaust the strongest intellect. How is chicory to be kept out of coffee? How many coffee-drinkers know the real article from the spurious compound? How many want to be protected against adulteration? I live in a contented assurance that what is served to me as coffee is commonly a total stranger to the original berry. I am also convinced that there are not five people in this island who can boil real coffee without robbing it of its innocence, and that, if an archangel came down with a celestial coffee-making apparatus, he would be treated as an interloping egoist. Tea, according to the Committee, is no longer adulterated; yet its native purity often excites calumny. When I was in America, I pondered long over a mysterious fluid called "English breakfast-tea," and came to the conclusion that it was once a self-respecting vegetable in Britain, where it fell into evil courses, fled to America, and took an alias to avoid painful reminders of the happy associations of youth and original baptism.

The moralist can make a fine parable out of chicory. It illustrates the human distaste for perfection. There is an austere virtue in pure coffee to which the indolent mortal cannot rise. He must have chicory in everything, politics, books, newspapers, and the principles of commercial morality. A Select Committee of philosophers and divines may constantly urge him to expel this demoralising agent from his affairs; but he chuckles to find chicory even in sermons. There are novels with a very large circulation and genuine merits which would not commend themselves to so vast a public if the admixture of chicory were not so strong. I am aware that the conscientious coffee-mill which performs in this page cannot keep the chicory out. If the average man finds a few grains of coffee at the bottom of his daily cup, he is disposed to be puffed up by the pride of exceptional integrity and accomplishments.

Take an example from the Church. There are many excellent people who believe that vestments are the chicory of religion; yet it appears that the Royal wedding was within an ace of collapse because the robes of the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of Winchester went astray in Buckingham Palace, and were found only at the last moment. Without their chicory these exalted dignitaries could not have performed the ceremony. The minor clergy, chaplains, and so forth, would have been powerless to help them, for an archbishop cannot borrow the canonicals of a subordinate. The Primate could not have turned in his extremity to the helpful Mr. Nathan, though I have no doubt that, in an emergency, the costumier could attire the whole episcopal bench, and the College of Cardinals to boot. Here, then, was a horrible predicament. No vestments, no marriage! No chicory, no conjugal coffee! In such a dilemma even the knowledge that the loyalty of my windows was unmixed with the chicory of dross would scarcely have consoled the Princess and her dejected Denmark.

A dramatic author, I notice, has hastened to deny the statement that he is assisted in the composition of a new play by the actor-manager who is expected to produce it. This is what you might call a noble stand against chicory. The dramatist is determined to grind his own coffee, and to keep out of it the seductive ingredient which might distil a subtle flavour of actor-manager through the whole brew. That eminent hand, however, will have his turn later, and many people will attribute to him all the piquancy of the compound. It is an old adage in a new form: one man's coffee is another man's chicory; and the Select Committee of dramatic critics will never agree as to which is which. Some witnesses in the Parliamentary inquiry affirmed that a little good coffee, mixed with a great deal of chicory, is better than much inferior coffee and a very small quantity of chicory. Perhaps this is the nearest approach to a philosophical definition; but it makes the law against adulteration almost as futile as the criticism of art, literature, and ecclesiastics.

NOTE.

The Sketch will be on sale in the UNITED STATES at the offices of the International News Company, 83 and 85, Duane Street, New York; and in AUSTRALASIA, by Messrs. Gordon and Gotch, at Melbourne, Sydney, Brisbane, Adelaide, and Perth, W.A.; Christchurch, Wellington, Auckland, and Dunedin, New Zealand.

THE ROYAL OPERA.

Last night the Opera Season of 1896 came to an end. Since last week two new performances have to be recorded, "Les Huguenots" and "Don Giovanni." The performance of the first was chiefly made memorable by Madame Melba's exquisite rendering of the Queen's music in the second scene of the first act. This was Meyerbeer's most brilliant effort in music, and Melba more than fulfilled every intention Meyerbeer had fused into its composing. It is curious to think of the fate which has attended this great and laborious work. At the time of its production, sixty years ago, it was reckoned one of the profoundest and most elegant works of art. Then Wagner let fly his poisoned dart at Meyerbeer, and now if you do not sneer you are not in the fashion. Albani was not a very inspiring Valentina, and Signor Lucignani, the new tenor, made little or no impression in the part of Raoul de Nangis; his voice is a long, long way below par, and his stage embarrassment was painful to witness.

On Thursday night "Don Giovanni." To hear this wonderful masterpiece, under any circumstances whatever, is to be persuaded anew of its everlasting youthfulness, its morning freshness, and its sheer artistic beauty. Alas, that the circumstances under which it is usually produced are only so many hindrances in the way of showing its perfect construction and its transcendent greatness! The opera, sung in the conventional Italian manner, has become, with the weight of time lying heavy upon its back—it is a hundred and ten years since it was first produced at Prague—little more than a concert in costume with the minimum of stage action. Nowadays, we seem to be in danger of forgetting that Mozart in writing "Don Giovanni" composed a drama; so that we may soon really expect the egregious critic who last year recommended the "shelving" of "Le Nozze" as a work of "insufferable dullness, on the whole," to be clamouring for the suppression of "Don Giovanni" on similar grounds. Luckily, whereas Munich last year showed that "Le Nozze di Figaro" was a lively and lovely music-drama, without one dull moment even in the play, the same town is preparing to give us a rational "Don Giovanni" divested of the crust plastered upon it during a century by a legion of incompetent actors. The Covent Garden performance was duly conventional, with Ancona as the Don, Madame Albani as Donna Anna, Miss Reid as Zerlina, Miss Macintyre as Donna Elvira, Signor Cremonini as Don Ottavio, and Signor Pini-Corsi as a wholly admirable Leporello. Signor Bevignani conducted in a far too customary manner.

A PECULIAR PREMIER.

There has just passed away in Algiers a man who in his time had played a most important part in the affairs of empires. Exiled and forgotten, Rainilaiarivony, late Prime Minister of Madagascar, had spent the last few months of his life in consideration of his past greatness and of his present distress. Perhaps his greatest claim to distinction lies in the fact that he had, at different times in his career, been the husband of three queens. His method of attaining to such a height of bliss was simple in the extreme. As chief man and virtual ruler of the island, it fell to his lot to elect the sovereign. His choice naturally fell on some docile girl who would not trouble herself about the affairs of state; but, to make himself doubly secure, he married the Queen, and thus obtained absolute control over her movements. The idea sounds a trifle barbarous, but it is beautiful in its simplicity, and in this case it worked very well—for the husband. Rainilaiarivony ruled the land with a rod of iron, and, in spite of incessant insurrection and revolt, he managed to bring about many much-needed reforms. He was distinctly favourable to English interests, and was a great friend of the English missionaries. He was taken prisoner at the fall of Antananarivo, and, as he was cordially hated by the French, he was banished to Algiers. It is said that his last days were embittered by the knowledge that Queen Ranavalona, instead of putting on sackcloth and ashes on account of the sad plight of her august consort, was making merry in her new liberty, and only laughed at the old man whose word had now ceased to be law. Verily, it is hard to attain to perfect pleasure in this world. Even a Prime Minister, a husband of three queens, can die of a broken heart.

"IDYLLISTS OF THE COUNTRY-SIDE."

A pleasant book to read or turn the pages of in the country is Mr. Ellwanger's "Idyllists of the Country-Side" (Bell). It is also a very pretty book to have lying near one. Mr. Ellwanger is one of those numerous Americans almost pathetically enthusiastic on the subject of culture, whose tastes are so much nicer and more elevated than are generally those of the privileged people who live in the old countries possessing the objects sanctified in refined and lofty souls. I have more especially an earlier book, "The Story of My House," in mind when I say this. The present book shows him tracking the steps of certain famous annalists of the out-of-door world. Two of these are American, Thoreau and Burroughs, and the latter is not merely a companion of the spirit. The rest are ours—Walton, Gilbert White, Jefferies, and Thomas Hardy. Very pleasantly he talks about them and their haunts, which he knows far more familiarly than most of their English readers. Jefferies he seems willing to rank with Thoreau, which is generous of him; but, unless patriotism has quite killed our critical powers, we are bound to dissent. Wessex delights save for one sad circumstance. The "feminine charm and comeliness" which Mr. Hardy led him to expect, he could nowhere find.

WHERE TO GO ON BANK HOLIDAY.

The railways, as usual, offer special facilities for Bank Holiday travellers. The Brighton Railway Company will run a fourteen-day excursion to Paris by the special express day service on Saturday morning, and also by the newly accelerated express night service on Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Sunday, and Monday evenings. Cheap return tickets to Caen for Normandy and Brittany, available for fourteen days, will also be issued from London on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday by the direct route, via Newhaven and Ouistreham. The company's offices will remain open until 10 p.m. for the sale of the special cheap tickets.

The South-Eastern Railway Company announce that on Sunday and Bank Holiday special cheap excursions will be run to Tunbridge Wells, Hastings, &c. A cheap excursion to Boulogne will leave Charing Cross at 3.5 p.m., calling at Cannon Street, London Bridge, and New Cross, on Saturday; returning from Boulogne at 4.30 p.m. on Bank Holiday. Cheap tickets to Paris will also be issued.

The South-Western Railway Company have special excursions to Exeter, Barnstaple, Ilfracombe, Devonport, Plymouth, and other stations in the West of England, leaving Waterloo at 10.15 p.m. on Friday, the tickets being available to return following Monday, Saturday week, Monday week, Saturday fortnight, or Monday fortnight following the day of issue. On Friday and Saturday a special cheap excursion will leave Waterloo at 9.35 p.m. for Havre, via Southampton, returning any weekday up to and including Aug. 8. Cheap excursion tickets will be issued every Saturday to Guernsey and Jersey.

The Great Western Railway Company will run in duplicate the 3, 5.45, and 9 p.m. trains to the West of England, the 6.50 p.m. train to Shrewsbury, and the 12 noon train to South Wales. To-morrow excursion passengers will be booked to Cork at 3.35 p.m., and on Friday, at 6.10 p.m., to Limerick and other places in the South of Ireland. Fast excursion trains for the West of England will leave Paddington at 10.10 p.m., and for South Wales at 12.25 midnight, on Friday. Passengers are also booked every Saturday to Guernsey and Jersey.

The London and North-Western Company announce that on Friday night they will run a trip to Scotland for four and nine days. Cheap tickets will be issued (third class) at a single fare for the double journey, available for sixteen days. On Friday midnight trips will run to Birkenhead, Liverpool, Manchester, Windermere, the English Lake District, and the Furness Line, for six days; on Saturday to Birmingham, Walsall, Dudley, &c., for three and six days; on Sunday midnight to Manchester for two days; on Bank Holiday to Birmingham, Coventry, &c., for one and four days.

The Great Northern Railway Company announce that on Friday night cheap four or nine days' excursions will be run from London to Scotland, and for nine days to Northallerton, Darlington, Richmond, Durham, Newcastle, Berwick, Edinburgh, Glasgow, &c., cheap sixteen-day tickets also being issued. On Saturday cheap three, eight, ten, fifteen, and seventeen days' excursions will be run from King's Cross to Bridlington, Douglas (Isle of Man), &c. Cheap six days' excursions will also be run to Cambridge, Huntingdon, Newcastle, &c. On Saturday and Monday cheap day excursions will be run to Skegness, Sutton-on-Sea, and Mablethorpe; also frequent trains to Alexandra Park on Saturday.

The Midland Railway will run cheap excursions to Scotland for four or nine days. Third-class return tickets will be issued at a single fare for the double journey, available for sixteen days. On Saturday, in addition to the new weekly summer excursions to Liverpool, Southport, Blackpool, Isle of Man, Matlock, Buxton, Morecambe, Lancaster, and English Lake district, for three, eight, ten, fifteen, or seventeen days, cheap excursion trains will be run to Leicester, Nottingham, &c. Cheap excursion trains for six days will be run to London from various places.

If you wish to go to the Continent via Queenborough and Flushing you will find that the steamers of the Zealand Steamship Company are exceedingly comfortable.

For spending a brief holiday in the attractive Continental districts served by the Harwich route the Great Eastern Railway Company offer special facilities.

Tourists to Ireland should remember that the shortest sea passage is from Stranraer to Larne. The Great Northern Railway (Ireland) offer a variety of trips in the Green Isle, while a special tour in Kerry is offered by the Great Southern and Western Railway.

OUR COLOURED SUPPLEMENT.

"Good-bye!" Yes, but no observant person can for a moment suppose that this is an eternal farewell. There is nothing to cry about. The lady has evidently been enjoying an agreeable *tête-à-tête*. The gentleman has left behind him his buttonhole, a very robust emblem of a sanguine mind, as a token of his affection. Decidedly he means to call again, and you can see the expectation of it in the lady's attitude. That airy kiss with the fingers symbolises hope and discretion combined. They have been to the theatre, no doubt, and he has just brought her home. She has been shy, but she is getting over it. The finger-tips are chronicling its disappearance. When the young man calls again (with another big buttonhole) he will profess a scientific curiosity; he will explain that kisses are not transmitted through the air; and he will examine the finger-tips to see if a particular caress is still there. Then he will assist it to its intended destination, and illustrate this branch of science by further experiments. At least, he will if he possesses that valuable quality which the ancient Greek philosophers used to call *nous*.

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 2.0.—Horseless Carriage drives on Terrace till 8 p.m.
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CRYSTAL PALACE.—Bank Holiday, Aug. 3.—Admission 1s., or
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SMALL TALK.

It was scarcely royal weather that greeted the royal wedding on Wednesday, for the sun that had blazed so gloriously for days in London disappeared and left us with nothing but a rather muggy atmosphere. By the way, an admirable résumé of the whole ceremony is issued to-day in the shape of a shilling Wedding Number of the *Illustrated London News*. It is admirably illustrated, and the letterpress contains very interesting details about the royal pair, to whom *The Sketch* wishes the very best of luck.

St. James's Street and Piccadilly looked remarkably gay. On the Tuesday afternoon the decorations were but little advanced; yet by eleven o'clock on the Wednesday there was a perfect blaze of red cloth bunting, and flowers and foliage, artificial and natural. St. James's Street, with its groups of masts, its arches of artificial greenery, and its gay club windows was most effective as a spectacle, and though

Hamilton Place. The Rothschild houses showed some colour, but Apsley House looked very grim and unsympathetic.

I wonder that some of our essayists have never included in their list of subjects the comparatively well-to-do person who persists in having the washing done at home, for reasons of economy or for fear of infection. Perhaps, I may wrong our essayists, and one or other may have tackled the subject; but if so, I have never met with the essay. I was led to reconsider this habit, which flourishes in some of our environs, by my experience on visiting a friend in a southern suburb a few days since. My friend's old-fashioned house stands in a really delightful old garden of considerable size; but on certain days, he tells me, he is "weary of his life," not "because of the daughters of Heth," but because of the daughters of his next-door neighbour, a large family whose underwear decorates the old-fashioned walks much as the flags decorated St. James's Street on the occasion of the royal wedding, and on breezy days flutters aloft in shapes "all billowy like the heaving sea." My friend had



A STEVENSON WINDOW IN SAN FRANCISCO.

Piccadilly was not so universally adorned, the effect was excellent. The high wall of Devonshire House was surmounted with red cloth drapings and groups of flags, and formed an excellent and picturesque grand stand for the favoured few who sat upon its summit.

The Baroness Burdett-Coutts had decorated both her houses in Piccadilly and at the corner of Stratton Street in a handsome though not particularly original manner, and her next-door neighbour's house (handsome Mrs. von Andrée), always noticeable for its flowers, looked wonderfully pretty. The Turf Club had an illumination with a large "C. M." in its centre, while the New Travellers had travelled a step farther in the way of sentiment, and in their illumination had added to that monogram "May they be happy." Palmerston's old house, now the Naval and Military Club, was but sparingly decked, but that magnificent building, the Junior Constitutional—next door to the empty mansion of the late Sir Julian Goldsmid—showed a triumph of outside upholstery. Further west the pretty little house of Sir Thomas Hesketh was quite the daintiest bit of decorative work, a study in biscuit-colour and pale pink of some gauzy material, with crowns and flags artistically arranged. Another house close by had an effective balcony of apple-green and yellow. The Cavalry and the Piccadilly Clubs had the usual red cloth and bunting, and the Bachelors' Club, whose very existence is uncomplimentary to matrimony, was loyal enough in its celebration of a royal wedding. There was but little decoration west of

delicately remonstrated, but in vain; he had even appealed to his neighbour in verse, and in the form of a rondeau, beginning—

Shapely and *chie*, oh, what are these
That glisten white among the trees
Beyond the low dividing wall?
I watch them gently rise and fall,
Their undulations in the breeze
Puzzle, and yet they vaguely please.

But even this trifle, which had a very *recherché* finish, had been without effect. My friend was very sore on the subject, but I fear there is no remedy for washing-day in a London suburb.

I am able this week to publish a photograph of the famous Stevenson window in the shop of Mr. William Doxey, of San Francisco, of which Madame Emily Soldene wrote at length in these pages last February, and to which reference was made again the other week in the article on Mr. Doxey's window of "decadent" literature. Curious and keen-eyed observers may see for themselves all the various portraits, books, &c., of Stevenson, and gummed on the frame in the background is the famous and affecting memorandum of April 1873, in "his own handwriting."

Lady Southampton, whose portrait appears on another page, is a daughter of the Marquis of Zetland. She was married in 1892, in her twentieth year.

That remorseless inquisitor of hats, Mr. R. S. Loveday, continues his studies in the *English Illustrated* for August with an article entitled "Woman: Her Hat, and the Height of Absurdity." Our ancestresses were tremendous in millinery, but they had audacious rivals in our ancestors. Here is an old portrait of a "Man Millener" who may have catered for either sex. I reproduce, too, an old picture which exhibits some of the most startling fashions in hats. Just now, Mr. Loveday must be pleased to notice, hats from Paris are diminishing in size, and

descending coquettishly upon the noses of their fair owners. The object of this is apparently to impart a more fatal quality to the eye when you can catch a glimpse of that orb. Perhaps Mr. Loveday had better not carry his researches quite so far. Inquisitors are sometimes inflammable.

Daily journalism now stands upon the threshold of its annual summer sensation. In two short weeks Parliament will have risen, town will be a dreary wilderness, half the theatres will be closed, clubs will be deserted, circulations will inevitably suffer. The present is a time of anxious consultations, of *pros* and *cons*, of much inward

searching. There is a keen demand for some subject whose discussion shall please many and offend none. Is Churchgoing Popular? Our Children's Ears: The Art, I mean the Age, of Love; Should Feathers be Worn in Hats?—all such questions agitate the public mind and attract the public pence. Paterfamilias and his better-half, their olive-branches, the ambitious, the faddy, the disappointed, the sapient, and the ignorant, all rush in to supply daily journalism with trite aphorism and worn-out platitude, with sentiment and humour more or less feeble. Every bore with an axe to grind gets his chance, and takes it. Of course, the initial letter, signed "Common Sense," "A Traveller," "A Mother," or something else distinctive yet familiar, emanates from one of the staff, and is printed in large type. It acts on the man in the street like the *muleta* acts on a savage bull; but a popular correspondence brings much grist to the managerial mill, and tides a newspaper over the dangerous quicksands of August, after which the great question of the vanquished moment is quickly closed.

A newspaper paragraph announced, the other day, that in the house that is being fitted up in London here for Li Hung Chang, a yellow paper, or it may have been yellow paint, was to predominate, as that is the "Chinese national colour." It would be interesting to know who it was that selected this particular tint; he may, perhaps, be one of the "greenery-yellowery" aesthetes we used to hear of some years ago, but he ought to be informed that yellow is not a colour to be played with in China, and that it is not the national but the imperial colour, and it is treason in the "Flowery Land" for anyone to use it except the Emperor, and the putting of that pigment on the walls of the house of the Chinese Bismarck might cause him to lose more than his yellow jacket. An indictment for high treason if he entered such a house might be awaiting him on his return to Peking, and his head would be the penalty for such a high crime. The Emperor's robes are yellow. The yellow jacket is given by the Emperor, and that explains its colour. The *Peking Gazette* has a yellow cover, but then it is the imperial official organ. The palaces of the Emperor have yellow tiles, but if anyone else put tiles of that colour on his house his days would be numbered. When Li Hung Chang dies, if the Emperor chooses to honour his memory, which is highly probable, by erecting a memorial of some kind, then yellow will be the predominating tint, but that will be visible evidence to all in China that the monument had been erected by command of the "Son of Heaven." A later notice in the papers says that the yellow is to be dropped, and red is to be the tint, as that is really the national colour in China. Well, Li Hung Chang's head will not run into any danger from that pigment being used, but it may be again doubted if that is the national colour. It is the nuptial colour, and everything is red connected with weddings; so when the Ambassador enters this mansion and sees the predominating red—"Celestial rosy red, Love's

proper hue," as Milton describes it—he may be expected to make inquiries about the bride that is intended for him.

To show how important colours are in China, it may be mentioned that the quarters, or the cardinal points, have each a colour. The east is azure, the south is red, the west is white, and the north is black. The centre-point—that is, the Emperor—is yellow. The "Eight Banners," a term that expresses the Army—at least, the Army quartered in Peking, or, as one might say, "the Guard that surrounds the throne"—have their colours founded on these four quarters. The eight banners include the four intermediate points of the compass, and the four colours are repeated for each of these corps, with a border to distinguish it from the others. From the Chinese classic books we learn that in ancient times there were under the Emperor four Princes, or Governors, in China, one for each point of the compass; each of these would, of course, have an Army, and hence the four colours. The doubling of each corps is a process we have seen in our own Army, and that explains why the Chinese Army at Peking is known as the "Eight Banners."

There is a pretty pantomime sketch on at the Palace Theatre at present. The story unfolded is from the facile pen of Lieut.-Colonel Newnham Davis, known to thousands as "The Dwarf of Blood"; the music is by André Wormser, to whom Europe owes the score of "L'Enfant Prodigue." Miss Ross-Selwicke and M. Paul Clerget are entrusted with the unfolding of a simple tale. An artist has fallen in love with the creation of his own brush, and worships a picture instead of his wife. He sits in front of the canvas dreaming of its beauties, when his wife comes in and tries to win his regards. She brings him a present, he drops it; a flower for his coat, he takes no notice; they sit down to dinner, but he cannot eat. Finally, to charm him, she takes her mandoline; it does not break the spell, and in sudden fury she seizes a knife and cuts the canvas through. With an effort the artist restrains himself, and then falls on a couch heart-broken. His wife creeps away; he seizes a brandy-bottle to seek solace in drink, turns the lamp out and plunges the room in darkness. Presently the wife reappears in the place of the canvas, dressed in the clothes worn by the model. Rousing himself, the artist sees his picture come to life, and treading a dainty measure in the half-light of the moon. He recognises his ideal before him, fairer than all his dreams. Then the figure goes back to the frame, but he follows, finds his wife, and recognises that she is more to him than his art. I enjoyed the dainty trifle and tried hard to be entirely satisfied with the efforts of its exponents. I could not quite succeed in the case of M. Clerget, but Miss Ross-Selwicke charmed me with a daring Eastern dance, and I sat trying to think when and where I had seen her before. The face and figure of one Ethel Carlington, who used to dance at the Lyric Theatre, came back to my memory, and I seemed to trace a likeness. The music of M. Wormser is exquisite and admirably scored, while Mr. D'Auban, who arranged the dance, deserves very great credit.

Mr. Grant Allen has explained at some length why Shakspeare does not appeal very strongly to him. He prefers the "purely poetical quality" of poetry to the dramatic and didactic. Some of us have supposed that even in the purely poetical line Shakspeare was a long sight superior to other bards; but Mr. Grant Allen is good enough to correct this impression.

Mr. Ernest Crofts owes his election as an Academician to a casting vote. It was found that the votes for Mr. Crofts and for Mr. Jackson, the architect, were equal, and Mr. Crofts secured the prize. He has my warm congratulations, and in the affability of the moment I am willing to forget a certain picture of the execution of Charles I.



THE HATS OF OTHER DAYS.



MISS PRITCHARD MORGAN.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY VANDYCK, MELBOURNE.

New dancers spring up like mushrooms. Here are two new ones. Miss Lillian Menelly is playing the rôle of Miss Mount Gore in "The Little Genius," at the Shaftesbury Theatre. She recently won her London spurs in the part of the up-to-date journalist Dora in "The New Barmaid," a part she undertook both at the Avenue and the Opéra Comique. She has studied almost every branch of dancing, whether operatic, eccentric, graceful, step, or clog dancing; and, though Mr. D'Auban has been her only teacher, some of her best dances have



MISS LILLIAN MENELLY.

Photo by the London Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street, W.

been arranged for her by Mr. Will Bishop. Of American parentage, she was born in Cincinnati, and though she left the Land of the Free while only a baby, she still possesses, in a very marked degree, many of the attractions of voice and manner that belong only to the daughters of Uncle Sam. Having always been devoted to all things histrionic, as soon as she left school she determined to adopt the stage professionally, family opposition only giving that determination a further impetus. Her first appearance was made in "Dandy Dick Turpin," at the Grand, during a stock season, after which she went to the Gaiety for two years. While at the temple of burlesque she took up the study of dancing seriously, and later on went on tour with Mr. Van Biene's company as soloist. Then she went to Vienna for a season, and there had the greatest success; but though she was delighted with that gay capital on the Danube, her heart was still true to London, and she was glad to return. Since then she has been in three Drury Lane pantomimes, on tour as Maud Sportington in the No. 1 "Morocco Bound" Company, spent six months at the halls, and last winter was principal girl in the pantomime at the Kilburn Theatre, and is already considering engagements for the coming festive season.

Miss Beatrice Grenville, who is now delighting everyone with her clever dancing (notably the "Russian Solo") in "The Gay Parisienne," at the Duke of York's Theatre, has had a roving and very successful experience in a short period. Her first engagement of any importance was in "Morocco Bound," touring the first-class provincial towns, and, later, visiting Germany and Holland. She also toured with the "Gaiety Girl." She made her first London appearance in "The Lady Slavey" at the Avenue Theatre last year. Mr. George Edwardes engaged her as principal dancer for his South African tour; on her return to England she was immediately engaged for the Duke of York's Theatre.

Miss Lucy Golding, whose portrait appears elsewhere in the present issue, is quite a recent recruit to the stage. She was not brought up for the boards, on which she appeared for the first time last autumn in Mr. George Edwardes' "Shop-Girl" company. Her second

engagement took her to the States with "An Artist's Model," as the model, Geraldine. Back in England now, she is preparing for a tour in the provinces, and afterwards in the States, with "The Geisha," in which she will do credit to her sex and country as one of the three English girls of the piece. America has made one or two bids for Miss Golding's services; but she has preferred to keep to London as her headquarters, and to the thoroughly congenial management of Mr. George Edwardes. Eventually, Miss Golding hopes to turn to account a voice which a temporary throat-trouble has hitherto prevented her from using, but which she has kept in constant training. Questioned as to her ambitions by a representative of *The Sketch*, Miss Golding was sufficiently frank. "My present occupation," she says, "I look upon as a sort of means to an end. While playing small parts, I hope to have an opportunity of studying singing thoroughly; and if, as I hope, my voice proves to be of some use, I shall consider it at the disposal of Mr. George Edwardes, who has been so kind and encouraging to me all along." When Miss Golding is satisfied, like George Eliot's Armgart, with "that voice as channel for her soul," may I be there to hear and see!

The recent publication, by the Master of the Rolls, of Neckam's thirteenth-century manuscript on chess, together with the appearance of the long-promised book on last year's Hastings Tournament, caused me to turn to my old chess-books and bibliographies. The earliest writers of note were Jacopo di Cessolis, from whom Caxton drew the materials for his landmark in typography; Damiano, a Portuguese, and a by no means kindly successor to the latter, Ruy Lopez. Lopez traverses many of Damiano's historical statements or legends, and runs quite counter to his line of play. Modern writers still seem in the dark as to the origin of some of the pieces. The Bishop has lately been said to be derived from the Arabic word for an elephant. But the old word "Alfiero" was taken by the early Spanish and Portuguese writers on chess to mean either a magistrate or assessor of the King, or else a Dauphin or Prince. It is the Rook that is represented by the elephant in Oriental chessmen, and the howdah on his back has apparently given us the familiar Elephant and Castle. A treatise on chess by Gianutio, published at the end of the sixteenth century, contains many problems and end-games; numerous games against odds, as, for instance, mates in fifteen, sixteen, and even twenty-three moves; and one chess curiosity, in which all the pieces are



MISS BEATRICE GRENVILLE, AT THE DUKE OF YORK'S THEATRE.

Photo by Frank Dickins, Sloane Street, S.W.

grouped together on the White King's territory, and the White Knight, alone moving, takes all the alien pieces in thirty-two moves. The poetry of chess and its martial glories and dangers are fully set forth in the poem by the humorist Uida. The legend that the chess-board represents the city of Babylon is too pleasing to be forgotten by modern chess-players.

The gold boom in Australia gives peculiar interest to the series of photographs which I am able to reproduce here. They have been taken at Kurnalpi, West Australia. Kurnalpi was discovered in 1894, and since then a large quantity of alluvial gold has been obtained, probably about a hundred thousand ounces. Latterly attention has been turned towards the reefing resources of the field, with the result that a large number of payable reefs have been opened up. The general opinion is that lodes similar to the Kalgoorlie Boulder exist. If so, they will probably be extremely rich, and when opened up Kurnalpi will have a bright future before it. The photographs show a typical miner, known as a "dry-blower," with his "shaker," as his rude machine is called. By the way, he wheels it like a barrow, removing the wheel when he fixes on a suitable spot to begin operations. He is soon "shaking the varmint"—that is to say, he is hard at work sifting the dirt through a series of sieves in the machine.

Another Spanish bull-fighter has gone home. Last Sunday week, in the arena at Perpignan, one Tito was caught by the bull and so badly hurt that he died on the following day. In all probability

of the good folk at Nîmes, Dax, Bayonne, and many other French towns where the rage for bull-fighting runs high.

I saw Bombita caught once in a Spanish arena, and his arm and hand were torn by the angry bull. People called to him to retire; he would not, and in another moment was knocked down. Fortunately one of his cuadrilla drew the bull away. Bruised, bleeding, and shaken, he faced his opponent again, only, in his terrible excitement, to fall under the bloodstained horns and escape by a miracle. Then Luis Mazzantini, Spain's greatest matador, who was also fighting, came out and counselled retreat. The judge was of the same opinion, but the gallant Bombita had to be literally dragged off, protesting audibly that he was quite fit to fight. Then Mazzantini killed the bull, which had taken all the skill of the capadors to divert during the altercation.

With the destruction of No. 11, Salisbury Square, now being pulled down, an interesting relic of the past, to which many historic and literary associations are attached, will disappear. It was in this house that Samuel Richardson carried on his printing business, and here, too,



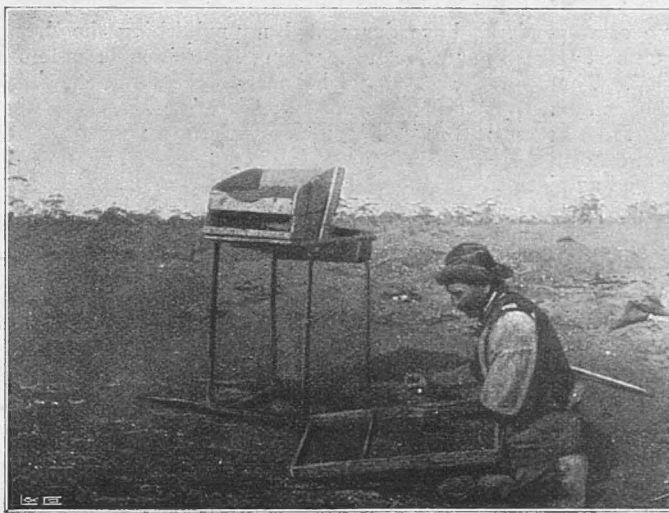
MINER LEAVING FOR A NEW RUSH.



SIFTING DIRT THROUGH SIEVES.



SHOVELLING DIRT INTO THE MACHINE.



SEARCHING THE RESIDUE FOR GOLD.

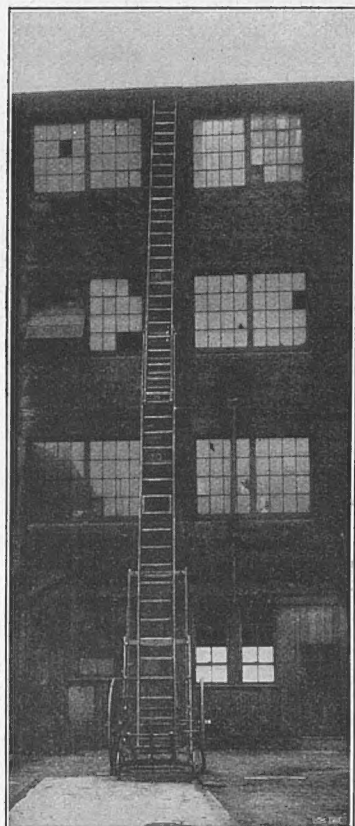
PHOTOGRAPHS BY MR. E. C. JOSHUA.

La Lidia, the famous Madrid authority on tauromachy, will publish a picture of the scene, there will be a few comments, and the visitors will esteem themselves fortunate in having been present at one of the season's sensations. The terrible aspect of a fatal accident in the bull-ring lies in the indifference of an audience presumably civilised. There is no delay. The wounded man is carried away, and the other matador called to kill the bull. I have seen human life lost at a bull-fight, and the sight is indescribable. There are one or two first-class fighters who are absolutely doomed to meet death on a bull's horns—to name two men known and admired throughout the length and breadth of Spain, Minuto and Bombita; one, as his name implies, a very little man, who can scarcely reach his bulls, the other daring beyond all limits of reason. I never open Monday's paper without expecting to find their deaths announced by "Our Own Correspondent" in Spain. By the way, what are bull-fighters doing in Perpignan? This lovely old town, in which nearly every house has a delightful orchard, and where the grapes are superb, is in France, and the "Grammont" law has been declared prohibitive of tauromachy. I suppose the authorities are winking at a lapse of law, as is the way with authorities where a *fiesta de toros* is concerned. In any case, it is clear that a bull was killed at Perpignan last week, and that alone is enough to rouse the envy and emulation

he wrote "Pamela," the first of his famous novels. He was over fifty at the time; indeed, he relates himself that "Pamela" was due to an accidental suggestion of some of his bookselling friends that he should write a "Complete Letter-Writer." He preferred to enlarge the scheme, and to instruct his readers not only how they ought to write, but how they ought to act and think in different situations; and "Pamela" was the result. Oliver Goldsmith, too, must have frequently worked at No. 11, for, among the many occupations which he followed at different periods of his strange career, he was at one time proof-reader to Richardson. Not for long, however; he soon left, and went as usher to Dr. Milner's "Classical Academy" at Peckham. The great Dr. Johnson himself came there to visit Richardson, and, on one occasion, met Hogarth, but they were not made known to each other at the interview.

Something of a philatelic curiosity is the post-card just manufactured in France to be used by the subjects of the Abyssinian Negus. In one corner of the card is the lion of Ethiopia, and in the other the stamp with the portrait of Menelik, wearing a tiara, with the inscription, "Menelik, Æthiopæ, Imp. Rex." The value is represented both in native characters and in Roman figures.

Here is the identical fire-escape on which the retirement of Captain Simonds has centred. It was designed and patented by Mr. E. H. Bayley, ex-M.P. for North Camberwell, and chairman of the company which built the whole of the fire-escapes for the Metropolitan Fire Brigade during the time of Sir E. M. Shaw. The speciality of this



A NEW FIRE-ESCAPE.

escape is that it is so light that one man can propel it to a fire and raise it to any height up to fifty feet, while it is, at the same time, so strong that it is said that a fireman can with perfect safety stand upon every round of the ladder. With this machine such an accident as recently occurred at Brighton during the visit of the Duke of York, when two fire-escapes collapsed, causing serious injury to many firemen, would be impossible. The combined hose-tender and fire-escape of the same firm was designed to supply a want long felt by fire brigades—namely, that of taking a fire-escape to a fire at a gallop. In the ordinary way, of course, a fire-escape is run by hand. With the new patent the escape is carried on a pair-horse hose-tender, and can be almost instantaneously loaded or unloaded on the tender. The hose-tender, besides carrying the escape, is constructed with a hose-box for some five or six hundred feet of hose; two boxes for stand-pipes, axes, or other tools; a "well" for carrying coals for the steam fire-engines, and accommodation for the officer in charge and seven firemen. The escape is unloaded on arriving at the fire, and is used in the ordinary way for life-saving, &c.; while the tender is at the disposal of the officer for sending

back to the station for a further supply of hose, coals, appliances, or more men. The combined hose-tender and fire-escape was exhibited at the recent Fire Tournament at the Agricultural Hall, and was accorded the highest praise by firemen from all parts of the country.

Some correspondents have deprecated my publishing the drawings by Mr. Gilbert James illustrative of the "Song of Solomon"; others have applauded. The *New York Journal* belongs to the latter class. This admirably conducted paper is so ardent an admirer of Mr. James that it produced the other week the drawing illustrating the wooing of Solomon, almost on exactly the same scale on which it appeared in *The Sketch*. "We have had pictures of biblical history," says the *Journal* in a note, "in which everything was Western, and more modern pictures in which the painter endeavoured to be historically accurate, but the art has always been Western. Mr. James is, apparently, trying to be intensely Oriental in feeling. Whatever their exact value may be, the drawings are rather fascinating and ornamental."

A funny little incident, which I dare say nobody else noticed, occurred on the occasion of George Alexander's final performance at the

St. James's last Saturday week. He was enjoying a tremendous reception, and putting an immense amount of life and vigour into his work. When the last act came, and he rushed down the basement stairs of the Castle of Zenda to rescue himself from the dungeon and give Hentzau cold steel, his wig was shifted, with curious though momentary effect. The top of the head was Rupert Rassendyll's, but George Alexander predominated over the back of the neck. Perhaps it was in anticipation of a well-earned holiday that the actor's hair was seeking its proper position slightly before the appointed time. Fortunately, the back hair was content with vindicating its rights, and allowed the ruddy locks of Rassendyll to remain almost in place until the curtain fell.

There is a curious grotesqueness in white men pretending to be niggers in the land of niggers itself. Yet this is nothing more or less than what some of the employés of Messrs. Roger Miles and Co., traders of Bremersdorp, Swaziland, do. The "Bremersdorp Blackbirds" they call themselves. On the Queen's Birthday they gave a concert, at which his Honour J. C. Krogh, Special Commissioner, Mrs. and Miss Krogh, all the Government officials, and, in fact, everybody who could manage to squeeze into the room, were present.

The other afternoon, as I strolled down Piccadilly with a "South African" and a well-known newspaper-manager, the conversation turned on spelling. I claimed confidently, in answer to an implied challenge, that I would spell any word in reasonable use among writers. "Drinks round," said the manager, "I catch you in a single sentence." We at once adjourned to a club smoking-room, and sat round a table. Clearly and distinctly the sentence was unfolded, and I wrote from the

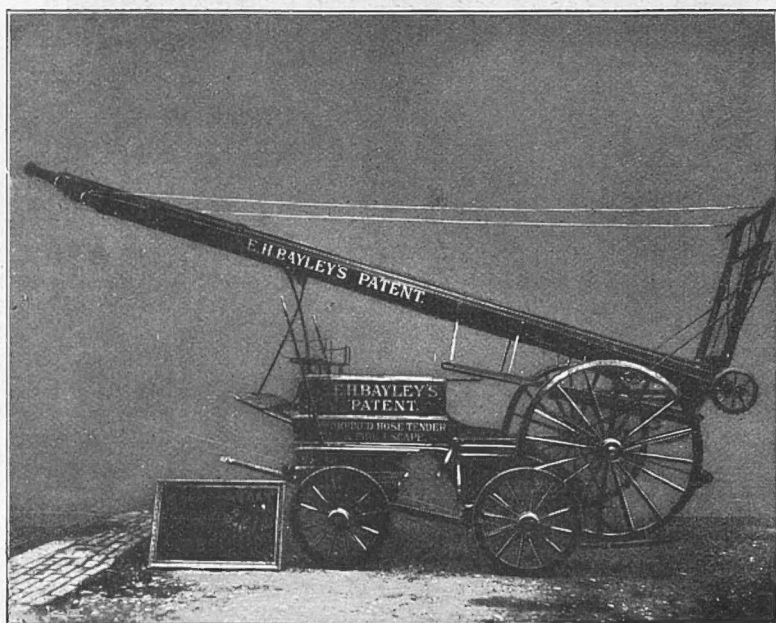


THE BREMERSDORP BLACKBIRDS.

dictation. It proved to be a masterpiece of nonsense, dealing with a cobbler and pedlar who stood outside a cemetery regarding the symmetry of a lady's ankle with unparalleled ecstasy. There were other circumstances connected with the worthy workmen, each one being wrapped in hideous exceptions to all rules of spelling and pronunciation. I kept cool and wrote steadily, comforting myself with the knowledge that all was going well. In a moment the end was near, and then a terrible doubt about the spelling of "unparalleled" came upon me. It was only for a moment; light came; I knew I was all right, and handed up the paper. Mr. Manager looked carefully through, and his countenance fell until it almost reached his watch-chain, then he burst out laughing, and pointed out the last word of the sentence. I had written "ecstasy"; the "unparalleled" difficulty of the adjective was accountable for my neglect of the noun, and—I paid for drinks. Never again will I profess to spell correctly.

Very many good sportsmen will leave seaside, riverside, and even Continent to see the "rubber" match between England and Australia at the Oval on Aug. 10. The Colonial victory at Manchester created a panic in London Clubland. I visited three clubs on the fatal Saturday evening, and in every one the sporting fraternity looked as though a sixty-six to one chance had been brought off. Very few men seemed willing to acknowledge that the better side won; the great majority preferred to blame the Manchester executive and the luck, while for expressing my opinion about the matter, a fellow who does not come up to my shoulder and wears corsets called me a "Little Englander." By the time cricket is over for the year people will recognise the vast strength of the present Australian team, and the prophets will hedge and try to forget the opinions they expressed. With regard to the Oval match I have been asked a difficult question. "If Ranjitsinhji became a professional between now and Aug. 10," said a waggish acquaintance, "and the Surrey Committee asked him to play for England, who would pay his fees, the Surrey Club or the Indian Government?" I gave it up, and recommended the questioner to ask the House of Commons.

I should have mentioned that "The Antipodes," the drama to which I recently referred, is written by a Justice of the Peace and Master of a pack of Harriers.



COMBINED HOSE-TENDER AND FIRE-ESCAPE.

With reference to the abandonment of the teaching of Latin and Greek in the Norwegian higher schools, a similar blow to classical instruction has recently been contemplated in Italy. The young politician of "modern" views who held the Education portfolio in the Marquis di Rudini's Administration seriously proposed that Greek should be given up as a compulsory subject. His anti-classical scheme, however, met with very strong opposition.

If Mr. Harold Frederic and "George Forth," the author of "March Hares," are one and the same person, it says a great deal for the insight of the author of "Illumination" that an American should diagnose so cleverly one of the diseases of the Scot. Mr. Mosserop, the young professor in "March Hares," in a sentence or two hits off unerringly the extraordinary craving that the Scot has for being "crammed": "I never did anything but go to school from the earliest moment I can

remember. It is as if I was born in a classroom and cradled on a blackboard. It is a terrible land for that; tuition broods over it like a pestilence." Thus it is that the dominie has long been a little king across the Border, a fact which has been brought home to the English-speaking world in its most striking form by the delightful portrait of Domsie, which Ian Maclaren has drawn. The fact that Mr. Fraser, who topped the Wrangler list the other day, was a graduate of Aberdeen University, has called attention to the number of first-rate mathematicians who have been turned out from the Northern *alma mater*. A very great deal of the credit of this is undoubtedly due

to David Rennet, LL.D., who might be called the Domsie of the Granite City, and that not merely as regards his solicitude on behalf of his pupils, but equally for his entire homeliness and strong characteristics of a Northern Scot. In the absence of an immortaliser like Ian Maclaren, Dr. Rennet is going to get a testimonial, which is being piloted by the librarian of Aberdeen University. Sir George Reid, President of the Royal Scottish Academy, will paint his portrait, and you will see from a small reproduction of a photograph what an excellent subject he has before him.

Dr. Rennet began his labours as a coach exactly forty years ago, with two students, both of whom took the highest mathematical honours at Aberdeen, and one of whom entered the Indian Civil Service soon after. Mr. Niven, who was Senior Wrangler in 1867, and Mr. Fraser, the present Senior Wrangler, together with Professor Chrystal, of Edinburgh, who was the Second Wrangler in 1875, and Mr. W. L. Mollison, Tutor of Clare College in 1876, were all coached by Dr. Rennet, to say nothing of twenty-five or thirty men in lower parts of the list. And he has helped many a man to figure at the top of the lists for admission to the Indian Civil Service and the Army. Dr. Rennet is one of the few remaining personalities of the Granite City at this moment. Although youths have come to him from every part of the kingdom, he has never abandoned his fine Doric, and his wit and humour have made the name of Davie, as he is always called, familiar in many a corner of the world. He stands quite apart from the ordinary "crammer." He is practically the last of the old characteristic dons of the Scots Universities, for the younger generation have become Anglicised to such a point that one patriotic Scot recently prophesied that the day was approaching when Burns would be unintelligible to his countrymen.

It is the intense desire to be informed, to which Dr. Rennet has ministered all his life, that animates the unhappy Scot who comes on a trip to town. I have met a great number of them recently in 'buses and elsewhere. No matter how hot the day is, they tear away to every corner of London to see the sights—the Tower and the Monument one day, St. Paul's and all the City on another, and so on. The consequence is, I feel sure, that half of them go back to the heather infinitely less fit after their holiday than before they started, for, of all places in summer, I think London is the very worst to take a holiday in. Of course, under such conditions, the tourist's trip cannot possibly be a pleasure when his whole mind is bent on being instructed, not because he likes it, but because he is absolutely terrified to return across the Border and face the stay-at-homes, who ply him with such a battery of questions as to what he has done that he is forced to go

through the whole tedious business of sight-seeing. His practice, in fact, might be summed up in some such way as this—

When you take a tourist ticket up to town
(For it always must be "up" and never "down"),
You must never mind the copper
If you want to do the proper,
And be sure to wear a topper
On your crown.

You must go and see the Monument and Tower,
Covent Garden, where the vegetables flower,
And you mustn't miss the Abbey
(At the back of which lives Labby);
You had better take a cabby
By the hour.

In the morning you can worship at St. Paul's,
In the evening at a dozen music-halls,
For the country-bred Dissenter
When he leaves behind his Mentor
Never hesitates to enter
Church and stalls.

You must see the bears and tigers at the Zoo,
And the lilies and the cactuses at Kew;
And you really must get chummy
With the great Museum mummy;
It's a part of all the rummy
Things you do.

In a week or so you've got to see and hear
What the native doesn't tackle in a year;
For with Baedeker and Murray
You keep tearing in a hurry
Through an Essex, Kent, and Surrey
Atmosphere.

China is not quite so far back as one might perhaps suppose, for here is a picture of a Chinese lady posing as Trilby. It is the work of a Chinese artist, and I am indebted to Mr. A. B. Curjel, of Foo-chow, for the opportunity of reproducing it from its original silk, on which it is painted in the most glaring colours. The one people in the world who are absolutely unfitted to pose for Trilby are the Chinese. Miss O'Ferrall's greatest charm, you know, resided in her feet, which were large and well-proportioned, whereas the Chinese lady's whole aim in life is to cramp her feet into the least possible shape. Still, the sketch is curious, showing a lady in a Chinese military coat, and saluting just as Trilby does.



A CHINESE TRILBY.

ROUND THE THEATRES.

A lull has occurred in theatredom, and the critic's presence has not been rendered necessary in view of the fact that no new plays have been produced. In lieu of that he is called upon to notice several new-comers, and first there is Mr. Robert Hilliard, who produced at the Court Theatre on the 15th his own dramatisation of Mr. Richard Harding Davis's charming story, "Her First Appearance," which, under the title of "The Littlest Girl," had a successful run at Hoyt's Theatre, New York, last summer. The Littlest Girl herself (Miss Alice Cecile) is a *persona muta* brought in, as the curtain rises, by Van Bibber (Mr. Hilliard), a somewhat officious individual who, thinking that an actress's calling necessarily means moral perdition, "rescues" the infant of his friend Carruthers (Mr. Sidney Howard) from an ignominious existence. Carruthers is not pleased at Van Bibber's philanthropy, and plainly tells him so; whereupon the latter retaliates in "a few well-chosen words," and clearly points out to Carruthers that, as the child is legally his, being the legitimate issue of a burlesque actress, now dead, from whom Carruthers was divorced, but whose memory he still cherishes, he, the father, is virtually bound to bring up the little girl in the way she should go. Finally, Carruthers clasps his child in his arms and declares that she shall never leave him again.

Mr. Robert Hilliard is one of America's most popular actors. He was born in New York City some thirty-odd years ago, and was educated at Bishop's College in Canada; but, after passing through the trials of a twelve-years' experience on Wall Street, he decided to desert one very speculative career for another, and made his dramatic début in "False

Shame" at his own theatre, the Criterion, in Brooklyn in January 1886. Two years later he supported Mrs. Langtry when she produced "As in a Looking-Glass" in New York, and with her went on a long tour, afterwards supporting some of the best American "stars," and for the last four years has "been a star" himself. This is Mr. Hilliard's first visit to England, but in it he has been fairly busy, for in seven weeks he has sold his latest play, called "Lost, Twenty-four Hours," to Mr. George Edwardes, and has secured the American rights of "The Mummy."

Mr. Wilson Barrett has been resting, and in his absence Mr. H. Cooper Cliffe has been playing the part of Marcus Superbus. He comes of a good old



MR. ROBERT HILLIARD.

theatrical stock, for he traces his descent in a direct line from the celebrated Kembles, his mother being Agnes Kemble, a granddaughter of Stephen; and his father, Clifford Cooper, was a well-known actor and manager. His professional career was started with Mr. D'Oyly Carte, and during four years he played Private Willis, Dick Deadeye, Wellington Wells, &c., as well as the title-rôle in "Claude Duval." He was the original Tommy Merton in the production of "The Vicar of Bray" at the Globe Theatre, and also played in "Polly" at the Novelty and Empire before joining Mr. Wilson Barrett as understudy to Mr. E. S. Willard in "Hoodman Blind," an engagement from which he was released in order that he might play in Solomon's "Fay o' Fire" at the Opéra Comique, after which he was engaged by Miss Lingard for Captain Dyson in the original production of "Sister Mary." A little later on he returned to Mr. Barrett for a round of parts formerly played by Mr. Willard and Mr. Frank Cooper, who is his brother. This was the beginning of an engagement which lasted nearly ten years, during which time he undertook a great variety of parts, the most successful being Peranza ("Golden Ladder"), Spider, Clifford Armitage, and Iago, his renderings, especially of the last-named rôle, meeting with the most unanimous praise both throughout the provinces and America. In the autumn of 1894 he joined Mr. and Mrs. Kendal's company for their American tour, to play Lord Spencer in "Clancarty," Hawkesley in "Still Waters," Victor de Riel in "Impulse," Captain Tempest in "The White Lie," Sir John Ingram in "A Scrap of Paper," and other parts; then he was tempted to remain in the States by an offer from Eugene Tompkins to play in the production of "Burmah" both in Boston and New York, after which he was seen in the transatlantic production of "One of the Best." He returned from America only a few weeks ago, having had several offers to remain from his recent manager, as well as to support Miss Fanny Davenport or to play his present part. He will support Sir Henry Irving in "Cymbeline."

Mdlle. Cécile Brani is a young operatic singer who has been appearing in small parts at Covent Garden. In spite of having achieved more than a modicum of success for her years, she is determined on still better work, and so she has set off for Brussels, where she intends devoting herself assiduously to study, in order to fit herself for more arduous rôles. This season she has played with success in "The Valkyrie," as Javotte in "Manon," and as Mercedes in "Carmen." Previously, she toured in "Hänsel and Gretel" through America, playing Hänsel to Mdlle. Jeanne's Douste's Gretel every other night. In New York, Chicago, Washington, and other American cities the sprightly Hänsel made a favourable impression. The present has been Mdlle. Brani's third season the Italian Opera, and she is also well known in the provinces, having visited most of the big towns last autumn in Sir Augustus Harris's operatic tour. At Dublin she appeared as Michaela with only one night's notice.

Mr. Charles Richman, the young American actor who, as Bruno von Neuhoff, gives Miss Ada Rehan such excellent support

in "The Countess Gucki" at the Comedy Theatre, has been on the stage for only about four years, though it was his successes in amateur performances that induced him to adopt the dramatic profession as his own. He was born in Chicago about a quarter of a century ago, and after graduating from College he studied law for a time, and then went into the mercantile world, but finding neither the court nor the desk to his liking, determined to devote himself to the stage. After playing for several seasons on the road and doing some useful work in melodrama, he went to New York to play the leading rôle in Mr. James A. Herne's production of "Margaret Fleming" at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, after which he was at once cast for Christus in Hauptmann's "Hannele," which created the greatest furore, but which, after being played for a few weeks, was forbidden. The excellence of that performance secured

him an engagement with Mr. A. M. Palmer's stock company, where he played in "New Blood," "The New Woman," "Esmeralda," &c., and during this engagement he was lent to Mrs. Langtry to undertake the leading part in "Gossip." Later on he was secured by Mr. Augustin Daly.

Mr. Edwin Stevens, who plays the difficult part of General Suvatscheff, is one of New York's cleverest actors, as well as the most versatile of men. When he left school he was trained for a mining engineer, but, after passing with honours into that profession, he decided that his tastes lay law-wards, and studied and passed for the Bar, eventually deserting that profession in favour of the musical world, where



MR. COOPER CLIFFE.

he first shone in oratorio. Later on he drifted into light opera before being the comedian at the Casino in New York under the Aronson régime, filling Francis Wilson's place there for four years. Then he worked with Mr. Charles Frohman in comedies, before returning to the lyric boards to "star," after which he was persuaded to enlist under Mr. Daly's banner. During his fifteen-year professional life his experiences (to use his own words) have "ranged from leading parts in Shakspeare in support of great 'stars,' to monologistic mumming in music-halls."



MDLLE. BRANI.



LADY SOUTHAMPTON.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY CHANCELLOR, DUBLIN.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.



EMBARRAS

DE RICHESSES.

B. LEFANU.

BY E. NESBIT.

There was silence between them. Wilson Shardeloe had performed the duties of a host. He had given his friend the best chair, and himself had taken the one whose wicker had cracked at the back so as to make it a little creaky, a little dangerous, and a little uncomfortable. He had passed the cigarettes and the whisky, and had unwired the soda-water. It was eleven o'clock. The Temple is very quiet at that hour. Even the rumble of the hurrying hansom in Fleet Street or the Strand only comes with soft murmur as of green woods in summer-time.

The hour and its stillness, the solitude *à deux*, all invited confidences. Yet the men sat silently smoking. Jack Tyrwhitt spoke first.

"You're a poor host, Shardeloe. You care for the vile body, with cigars and things; but you leave my intellect unfed. For goodness' sake, man, talk of something, if it is only the odds about the Leger."

Shardeloe heaved a sigh and came out of his absorption with an obvious effort.

"It's generally I who talk most," he said reproachfully. "You have grown as silent as an owl, Jack, lately. I don't know what's the matter with you. Have you been committing a murder, or getting married, or running away with your neighbour's wife, or what is it? I'm sure you have some guilty secret."

The other laughed with a little embarrassment.

"I'm as innocent as the babe unborn," he said. "But, seriously, there is something I should like to tell you, only I promised not to mention it to anyone."

"Holy Moses!" cried the host, with sudden and complete enlightenment. "I see it all now—you're engaged."

"It's true," said Jack, after a moment's hesitation. "There can't be any harm in my telling you that much. The fact is, she doesn't want the engagement talked of at present, for family reasons."

"Yes, I know," said Wilson encouragingly; "they are like that sometimes. I don't believe it's really family reasons. It's only because they like to make a fuss about nothing. We must humour them, you know. Is she pretty?"

"She's divine!"

"Any money?"

"Oh, yes, I should think so! Her people are very well off. But I ought not to be talking about her."

"So you're caught at last!"

"I wish you wouldn't chaff about it," said his friend. "I'm sorry I said anything about it."

"I'm not chaffing. In fact"—the need of a confidant was strong within him—"I'm engaged too, and mine is just the same as yours. She will have this stupid little mystery. Only it isn't family reasons

with her. It's because—"; he pulled himself up short on the brink of repeating her words, which had been to the effect that she must get used to her strange new happiness before she could share her holy secret with the hard, unsympathetic world.

"And is she beautiful, too?"

"My dear boy," said Shardeloe warmly, "she's an angel—so clever, too, and so noble and high-minded! I never feel that I can live up to her. She makes me feel a low, base, sordid creature. Sometimes, I assure you, when I have been spending the evening with her, I come home quite worn-out. The moral atmosphere is so—"; he paused. "I mean," he added, "it's so difficult to keep up—that sort of high-pressure business."

"I know," said his friend, with sympathy. "Mine's just the same. I know what you mean. I'm glad we have told each other, old man," Tyrwhitt went on, after another pause, "because I was beginning to wonder what had come over you, and now, of course, I understand it."

"I only wish I could tell you her name. You'll be best man, won't you?"

"Of course I will, if I am not put on the shelf before you."

"Oh, Tyrwhitt, when I think of that girl, you don't know how terrible all sorts of things look that I never saw any harm in before. Hallo! we are getting sentimental. Have another go of whisky."

The next day Shardeloe went out of town, and the two men did not meet for nearly three weeks. Then, as before, they sat drinking whisky-and-soda, and silence was between them.

"You're looking rather chippy, old man," said the host.

"I dare say I do. The fact is, I don't know what to do with myself. I daren't look in at a Hall, or take anyone out to dinner, or do anything amusing, because she—you know who I mean—is so dreadfully down on anything of that sort; and, upon my word, I never knew the time go so slowly, except when I am with her, and then, of course, it's all right. Why, you've no idea how bored I am. I was actually thinking to-day I would answer one of those matrimonial agency advertisements. It might be a lark."

"But suppose she found out?"

"Oh, one could write it on the Remington and put a different name. I don't know whether it's worth doing. Nothing is."



THE SUMMER GIRL.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY TALMA, MELBOURNE.

"Oh yes, come on," said Shardeloe, drawing the typewriter towards him. "But, I say, if we give a false name they'll look us up in the Directory and find us out."

"Oh, I'll write in Daubenys' name. His rooms are over in Harcourt Buildings, and I have got the key of them. He's away in Algiers."

"I'm afraid it's rather silly—like two schoolboys."

"Oh, well, one must do something, you know."

Shardeloe went out for a copy of the *Matrimonial Globe*. They selected the most glowing advertisement—

Ethel, age nineteen, golden hair, blue eyes, independent fortune, wishes to meet with a gentleman of about twenty-five with £500 a-year or more. Must be musical.—Address: Ethel, Office, 567, Fleet Street.

So they wrote a letter describing the pecuniary and moral affluence of the absent Daubeny.

"I like the name Ethel," said Jack, drawing the letter from the typewriter. "It's such a sweet, good, innocent, tender name."

"I think I like the full name Ethelreda better. There's something dignified about it."

"I don't know," said the other. "It's not cosy, like Ethel. It makes you think of Anglo-Saxon attitudes—don't you know?"

"I don't agree with you," said Wilson, a little stiffly.

Well, they sent the letter. There were some inquiries from the

"So she has me, by Jove!" cried Wilson incoherently. "Jack, that's my girl too!"

They stood frowning at each other across the photograph. Then Jack began to laugh, and in a moment Wilson followed suit.

"What a let-off, by heaven!" he said. "What shall we do?"

"I was very fond of her, Shardeloe, old fellow," said Jack.

But his friend said, "Don't be an ass! How can you be fond of a girl like that—a girl who was engaged to two men at once, and tried to get hold of a third? You were fond of a girl who never existed—your pure-souled, high-toned darling."

"Shut up, can't you?" cried the other savagely, "and tell me what you are going to do."

"I shall return her letter and her photograph, and tell her that all is at an end between us."

"If you do that, there is nothing left for me but to go and break it off personally. I should rather enjoy that."

"Shall we go together?" said Wilson, struck by a happy thought.

"No, I don't want to hit her when she's down."

And the next day Tyrwhitt went. Ethel received him with her usual quiet grace and dignity.

"I have come to release you from your engagement," he said. Her great, innocent, baby eyes filled with tears.

"Oh, what is it? Don't you love me any more?"

"I can't be put off," he said, "with a divided heart. You have already shared yours between my friend Wilson Shardeloe and me. Now that you propose to add Daubeny to your collection, you leave me no resource but to retire."

"I don't understand," said Ethel; "but I see you mean to insult me. After what you have said, we are strangers from this moment."

And, with all her old saintly dignity, she turned and left him. It must be owned that she carried off the situation well.

But the worst of it was that they forgot to tell Daubeny anything about it; and, while they were away at Monte Carlo next winter, she really did meet Daubeny at an art students' dance at Kensington, and, finding that his means were as represented, married him out of hand. And then, of course, it was of no use for them to tell him.

Shardeloe and Tyrwhitt dine sometimes with the Daubenys, but Mrs. Daubeny does not encourage her husband to ask them often.

"Of course, I must be hospitable to all your friends," she says to her husband, with the sweet, saintly dignity that sits so well upon her; "but I'm afraid, dear, that Mr. Shardeloe and Mr. Tyrwhitt are rather worldly."

MR. JUSTICE WILLS.

One of our unlucky judges is Mr. Justice Wills, who has had to preside over the most unpleasant criminal

cause célèbre of our times, and lately has been suffering from the very heavy Incandescent Gas litigation. There was something quite pathetic in his appeals to the learned patent bar not to introduce more scientific details than absolutely necessary, while his prayer to Mr. Bousfield, Q.C., not to be angry with him was quite touching. Sir Alfred is one of the most courteous and popular of judges, though at times his horror of leading questions leads to a little friction—"leading questions," of course, of the true type; that is, questions which suggest the answer that counsel wishes to get. It is said that he will not even allow the silk gowns to lead in re-examination. Sir Alfred, the son of a Birmingham solicitor, was born in 1828. He graduated at London University, and was called by the Middle Temple, of which he is now a Bencher, in 1851. After twenty-one years of stuff gown, he became Queen's Counsel, and twelve years later was raised to the Bench. For five years he acted as President of the Railway Commission, a post now filled by Mr. Justice Collins. His Lordship has contributed to literature, his offerings being two interesting works, one called "The Eagle's Nest," and the other "Wandering in the High Alps." As may be guessed, his hobby is mountaineering. He lives in a pretty house at Esher, where he cultivates a pleasant optimism that renders him singularly averse to believe in allegations of fraud; and yet the judge who presided over the Pimlico poisoning case and the Crewe murder trial, and many other notorious cases, must know a very great deal of the scamy side of human life.



Winsley Le Fanu.

He passed the whisky and unwired the soda.

office of the paper, which Tyrwhitt, impersonating the absent Daubeny, answered to the office's satisfaction.

"Daubeny won't mind, you know," he said to his friend. "He'll enjoy the joke."

And three days later came the answer to their type-written eulogy of the gentleman in Algiers. This also was type-written. A photograph was enclosed which Wilson would have unwrapped at once.

"Fair does," said Tyrwhitt, holding the photograph at arm's length, while they read the letter together. It stated that if Mr. Daubeny's income was as represented, and if he thought from the enclosed photograph that Ethel would be likely to make his home happy, she would arrange to meet him at the office. "A personal interview," the letter stated, "is always more satisfactory."

"Now for the photograph!" cried Jack. "We shall have to stop short at this, Wilson. I have often wondered what sort of women do put in these advertisements. This will be some old catamaran of fifty, I suppose."

Shardeloe drew the photograph from its silver paper resting-place, and gave one glance at it. He dropped it with a hurried "Damn!"

"As bad as all that?" said Tyrwhitt gaily, picking the photograph out of the sugar-basin into which it had fallen. It had arrived at breakfast-time. "Good God!" he cried, as soon as his eyes fell on it. "It's Ethel, Ethel—you know, the girl that I was engaged to"

Already he spoke in the past tense.



MR. JUSTICE WILLS.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY H. J. WHITLOCK, BIRMINGHAM.

MRS. HENNIKER'S NEW STORIES.*

Mrs. Henniker must forgive me if I read in her title another meaning than that which she intended. Some of her characters are soldiers, some civilians, and her "scarlet" is, perhaps, meant for the dash of colour which the uniform of the one gives to the more sober "grey" of the other. To me her scarlet speaks of the fire of passion, her grey of the burnt-out ashes which form the background of life. Or shall I say that her scarlet stands for the flame of the dying leaf which still hangs on the bough, her grey for the leaf which has fallen and is already trodden in the mire? That were, perhaps, the more fitting imagery, for if ever a book were autumnal in tone that book is surely "In Scarlet and



THE HON. MRS. HENNIKER.
Photo by Lafayette, Dublin.

Grey." A sadder book I have not read for many a day; and it is all so true, so tragically, sternly true, that the sadness comes home to one, haunts one, and cannot be shaken off.

From the daughter of so distinguished a man of letters as the late Lord Houghton, the sister of so accomplished and graceful a writer of society verse as Lord Crewe, we expect much. But the volume before us is a great and undoubted advance upon anything which Mrs. Henniker has yet done, combining, as it does, the qualities of strength and tenderness with grace, ease, and distinction of literary form.

Anything more unlike the novels which are every season put forth by "fashionable" personages who wish to be considered "literary" it were difficult to imagine. This is the work of a woman who knows life as George Eliot or Charlotte Brontë knew it. Read "In the Infirmary" and "At the Sign of the Startled Fawn," the strongest of Mrs. Henniker's stories, and you will find your interest compelled to the point of pain. To lie wide-eyed and wakeful with poor James Vincent in the Infirmary ward, watching, watching, watching for the woman who never came, is heartbreaking. Mrs. Henniker is a cunning artist. She brings it all before us by a touch or two—the volume of James Thomson (who himself died just such a death in just such a hospital) under the pillow; the tired, snappish nurse, disappointed of her Christmas holiday; the amiable imbecile of a parson; and instead of the longed-for, looked-for form of the stately, richly dressed woman, with white skin and great grey eyes, the squat figure of the red-handed, coarse-complexioned "general" servant.

But you must read the story for yourself. It is tremulous with pathos, and slight though it is as regards plot, is an exquisitely finished piece of literary art. "At the Sign of the Startled Fawn" is pure tragedy. It holds you from first to last. Not a man who reads it but will clench his fist—if he have any imagination at all—and long for half an hour with my lord of Eddington; not a woman but will find the sob rising in her throat. Mrs. Henniker is Liberal, not to say Democratic,

in her views; and her sympathies are strongly enlisted on behalf of the poor, the weak, and the wounded in life's battle, as all who turn to "Bad and Worthless" may discover for themselves. For shams of every sort, for humbug and cant, her scorn is as keen as the lash which cuts ribbons of flesh from the bare back. Contrast her tenderness for the unfortunate soldier who is the hero of the tale with her picture of the Rev. David and General Groser. Perhaps no story in the book will appeal so much to the young and the romantic as "The Heart of the Colour-Sergeant," a sympathetic and charming tale with some admirable character-drawing. "A Page from a Vicar's History" is yet another tragedy of wrecked lives and hopeless passions. It is told with such intensity and power that the one humorous contribution to the volume, "A Successful Intrusion," reads like the work of another hand. Mrs. Henniker is a keen observer, and in this capital story she wins her readers' laughter as readily as, in her sombre studies of life, she compels their tears.

The last tale in the book is the joint work of Mrs. Henniker and Mr. Thomas Hardy. "The Spectre of the Real" is a sombre but singularly striking story, as was only to be expected in view of the fact that the greatest of living English novelists has a hand in it. But it is not pleasant reading. I do not refer merely to the fact that, though she loved Lord Parkhurst and was indifferent to the husband whom she had not seen for seven years, Rosalys allowed the latter to visit her under such circumstances as are here described. The incident is unpleasant, but, as psychology, it is quite reconcilable with the character of Rosalys, and is in every way convincing.

Equally unpleasant, but less convincing, is the suicide with which the book closes. We are told that Lord Parkhurst was chivalrous, and are also cynically informed—no doubt by Mr. Hardy—that "his chivalrous feeling towards women originated in the fact that he knew very little about them." But chivalrous he undoubtedly was, and a gentleman; and one cannot but believe that he would have shrunk, if only for the sake of the name she bore, from making his wife the subject of such vulgar scandal as that to which his suicide on her bridal night must have given rise. The incident recalls the black-flag scene in "Tess of the D'Urbervilles." And that, though it may be rank impertinence to criticise the methods of so consummate a master of fiction as Mr. Hardy, was an amazingly crude and unworthy ending to a magnificent work of art. All the same, "The Spectre of the Real" is, as I have said, a singularly striking and powerful story, although it would have been more in place among "A Group of Noble Dames," or as one of "Life's Little Ironies," than as a close to "In Scarlet and Grey." In fact, the only fault which is to be found with Mrs. Henniker's book, as a piece of literary architecture, is that to the main building—all her own work—there has been added a wing which, to keep up the architectural simile, may be described as belonging to the "late Hardy" period. And the "late Hardy" manner, much as we may and must admire it as literature and as "art," is in other respects often singularly unpleasant.

COULSON KERNAHAN.

"THE CITY."*

When Charles Moulton, the hero of this novel, left the University of Göttingen, it became necessary, seeing that his means were slender, for him to tread the stony path of commerce, and from the first time that he set foot in the private room of his uncle's office the disillusionment that was ultimately to become so complete commenced to set in. Small wonder it was, for it fell to his lot to pass through the hands of a set of rogues, each and all of whom were amply qualified for inclusion in the "Newgate Calendar." It would be manifestly unfair to the author to give away his plot, which, though not particularly elaborate or complex, is, nevertheless, extremely interesting: it holds one by the sheer force of its inevitableness, proving that romance can be born of the most unpromising materials. Heaven send that all the dealings which take place at the tables of the money-changers are not so corrupt as Mr. Carrel would have us believe! One must make allowances for the fact that he who would drive his nail safely home must strike harder than is absolutely necessary; but the charge of possible exaggeration, and a passing grumble at the careless proof-correction, are the only blemishes that one can find in the book.

One of the characters, Boscobel Barrington by name, is an adventurer of such magnificent impudence that one grows to love him for his colossal optimism; when Nemesis overtakes him we feel sorry, albeit the strictly honourable Charles Moulton profits in some measure thereby. Joseph Samell, a Jewish financier of relentless cruelty, is finely if repulsively drawn; his daughter Ruth—who philanders awhile with Charles, partly on account of his *beaux yeux* and partly to make him a tool in her father's hands—is a careful study of a type that undeniably exists. A *liaison* between Samell and his daughter's companion is lightly touched upon, and is only useful for the purpose of throwing clearer light upon the characters of the members of this delectable family. Barrington's wife, Elsa, moves through the pages gracefully; her beauty and gentle individuality, as well as her devotion to her husband, are the few gleams of sunshine that light up this slough of corruption. As a trenchant indictment of the financial crises which in our time have ruined thousands of families, the novel compels attention. Mr. Carrel has been at pains to master the details of his subject conscientiously and thoroughly, and he is to be congratulated upon the production of a book which is in many ways remarkable.

G. B.

* "In Scarlet and Grey." London: John Lane, The Bodley Head.

* "The City." By Frederic Carrel. London: Hutchinson and Co.



A MINISTERING ANGEL.

THE S.P.C.A. AND MR. JOHN COLAM.

The Secretary of the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals is one of the most engaging and sympathetic of men, but, none the less, he is a trial to the journalist, on account of his excessive modesty and fixed determination to hide an interesting personality behind the ramparts of the Institution he represents. I have had one or two long conversations with him, and have at times noted down some interesting stories of the methods by which certain abuses have been remedied for the benefit of brute creation. During the last half-hour I spent in his company he enjoined an interview, refused to have his photograph published, and asked me not to write too personal an article, and all this was done with so much delicacy as well as firmness that it was impossible not to see that his desire to avoid publicity was one to be respected. Nevertheless, and in spite of every desire to comply with his wishes in the matter, it is impossible to avoid frequent repetition of his name and constant reference to his work in dealing with the Society. For the past thirty-six years John Colam has laboured in the cause of suffering animals; he has fought case after case, and overthrown one ugly system after another, caring nothing for precedent or prejudice. Two-thirds of the offences for which officers of the S.P.C.A. can now obtain convictions were committed with impunity when he came to the Society, and, as a result of his endeavours, many measures have been brought before the attention of Parliament which will, without doubt, ultimately become law.

A single example, and one that may be quoted with propriety, of an offence for which there was formerly no punishment, is the overstocking of cows. At a certain time after birth the calf is muzzled, with the result that the cow suffers great pain and distress unless promptly and regularly milked. Neglect on the part of farmers leads to obvious suffering; but more than twelve cases were tried before a bench of magistrates decided in favour of the Society. As soon as the favourable verdict was given, fifty thousand bills, with the judgment, were printed and distributed broadcast over the country. Nowadays the offence is rarely committed, and the punishment quickly follows the proof. So it is with many other cruelties, concerning which it is unadvisable to enter into detail in the pages of a popular paper. Our farmers had, until quite recently, many barbarous habits in connection with their business, which had descended from father to son through many generations. When attacked by the Society, they brought their friends to prove custom, and country magistrates were for a long time very chary of giving decisions against practices continued from time immemorial.

Within the limits of a short article it is impossible to deal adequately with one tithe of the work accomplished by the Society in general, or by Mr. Colam in particular, on its behalf. This work goes on unceasingly. From all parts of the country complaints arrive, and are investigated by a machinery that can only be kept in motion by willing hearts and open hands. In addition to pamphlets innumerable, the Society has a magazine, edited by its popular secretary, who was once, I believe, on the staff of the *Times*. Published monthly, *Animal Life* has a distinct value in bringing home to young children habits of kindness and consideration for domestic pets.

Englishmen have probably almost forgotten how John Colam stamped out the one serious attempt made to establish an exhibition of bull-fighting in England. It is now more than twenty years ago that the late "Bill" Holland took the Agricultural Hall and brought a company of Spanish bull-fighters and some bulls for a series of fights *à la Portugaise*—that is, without absolute bloodshed. The *farpas* familiar to those who have frequented the Portuguese arenas at the Campo Pequeno and Alges were used, and it was given out that the rosettes left on the bull's hide remained in place because they were covered with glue. Strange to say, this fairy-tale imposed upon the police inspector, who reported to Scotland Yard that the show was all right. But John Colam thought differently. With certain officials of the Society he went to the Agricultural Hall. One of the bandarilleros, unusually maladroit, left his weapon hanging in the bull's skin; and as soon as he saw that damning evidence of something stronger than glue the energetic Secretary leaped into the arena, and seized the weapon. His trusty servitors followed suit and Secretary; they seized some of the innocent-looking *farpas*, and one man ran out of the building with them before any of the people most interested noticed his absence. The confusion was indescribable. The huge audience began to shout and hoot and throw ginger-beer bottles. Strangely enough, the bull made no attempt to gore his rescuers. "He respected the Society," said the hero of the adventure laughingly. Some of the bull-fighters got the bull away to the stables, and then the audience leaped into the arena to wreak its vengeance on the interrupters of the show. After a bit of a scrimmage, in which Mr. Colam was severely bruised, the Spanish Consul, who happened to be present, calmed the fighters, who promised to appear at the Police Court on the following day. There they were fined. The Consul paid the fines, and sent them home. The show was stopped, the bulls confiscated, the proprietors punished, and their provincial tour, of course, cancelled. The bulls were kept and well treated for a few weeks, when they were slaughtered. When they had been flayed the skins were held up to the light, and found to be absolutely full of holes where the spear-points had penetrated them. For his conduct in this affair Mr. Colam received a medal from the French Emperor.

I am indebted to Mr. Colam for many more interesting anecdotes, splendidly told. I wish I could quote some more. But all *Sketch* readers who desire to support an excellent cause, or to learn something of the Society's work, need but apply to the offices in Jernyn Street personally, or by letter, to obtain all the information they require.

S. L. B.

HORS D'ŒUVRES.

The Venezuelan dispute has advanced another inch. The Venezuelan Government has at last produced the first instalment of its case, in the form of a set of assertions, the proof of which is reserved for a future occasion. In so far as the assertions go, however, they bear out the forecast that most men of sense could have made of the respective briefs long ago—namely, that both cases would be found decidedly weak, the Venezuelan case the weaker of the two. And the tone of the whole document, revised as it has doubtless been by clever advocates in the United States, is unpleasant and sickly. The Venezuelan advocate retains something of that empty ostentation of manner that made Spain ridiculous in her decadence, and the mare's nest he discovers with regard to English maps is worthy of any newspaper "special commissioner" ever sent out to search for unpublished documents proving conclusively—that Queen Anne is dead.

But any stick is good enough to beat one's country with, and no doubt the scribes who were eager to pick holes in the sober, if at times slovenly, Blue Book of our own Government will discover prodigies of conclusive argument in the unsupported and occasionally steep assertions of the Venezuelan brief. We are already told that we must carefully study and answer it. Our Government *has* answered it already, for the British Blue Book contains not only statements, but a certain amount of evidence, whereas the Venezuelan proofs have yet to appear. When they do, it will be time enough to consider them. Two of the Venezuelan arguments are sufficiently amusing. Their advocate asserts, what seems to be roughly the fact, that for a considerable time there were a hundred and fifty miles of virgin forest between the nearest Spanish and Dutch—afterwards English—settlements. Therefore that belt of forest must belong to the Spaniards, because they arrived on one side of it before the Dutch settled on the other! That is to say, the party that *neglected* longest to explore the debatable ground is thereby entitled to own it—which is Bosh. Secondly, the sapient counsel has to admit that Dutch and English settled on the lower course of a certain river, a fact which, in the absence of other evidence, is usually taken as giving a claim to the whole basin of the stream. But our document will not have this; it appears that the river is obstructed by rocks and cataracts, so as to make its upper basin more accessible from the Venezuelan side than from the lower reaches; therefore the upper basin belongs to Venezuela, because the Spaniards and their more or less mixed descendants could have got to the upper river more easily than the Dutch or English—but didn't. Which, again, is Bosh, but good enough for the Little Englander. His heart warms to the foreigner who speaks his own language.

Of course, our anti-English scribes will not admit that they are anti-English. They will maintain—even to themselves—that they are only trying to treat all sides fairly, and give due weight to all arguments. Only, as a matter of fact, they do nothing of the sort. In this very Venezuelan dispute, how many of them grasped the elementary fact, known to most thinking men in America, and fairly obvious to most readers of newspapers, that a large part of the trouble was caused by setting a pugnacious lawyer, innocent of diplomacy, to argue with a trained statesman? But, while Mr. Olney's solecisms of manner were setting on edge the teeth of cultured Americans, some of our journalists were treating the casual utterances of a "fighting counsel"—and rather a narrow one at that—as embodiments of patriotic wisdom. If we protested against some extravagance of language, or even laughed at it, we were told that, however strange such speech might sound to *us*, it was the utterance of a great people, and was to be treated with servile deference, and criticised not at all, or with bated breath. And are not we a people too, good heavens? Must we always be ranting at and raved at and never even smile?

And now we see how little the warlike language meant, and how glad all but a few extreme American politicians would be to settle the whole Venezuelan business almost anyhow. A few, however, still hold out for severe and exacting terms; and the reason they give for their unbending temper is, generally, that England must be in the wrong, having fully confessed her evil doings through the mouth of her representative—Newspaper Special Commissioner! Oh, Diamond, Diamond, you little know the harm you have done!

It is time that our heroes of surrender should come to understand that they may turn their own sufficiently ample cheek to the smiter as much as they like, but there the smiting and turning must end. At present what the cosmopolitan journalist wants to do is to turn *our* collective cheek to any foreigner who thinks a little punching exercise would do him good. It is so easy to be humble for others! And when the country receives a slap in the face, it is so easy to deny the fact—if one's own side is in, and lay the blame upon the Government—if one's own side is out.

If, therefore, our advisers think that we have done wrong, as a nation, and deserve humiliation, let them carry out their doctrine by inviting the Ambassador, Consul-General, and other representatives of the aggrieved State, to kick them in public, and by setting apart a page of the largest type for an abject apology to that State. Then they will be freed from all responsibility, and the rest of us will go and do likewise—when we feel like it.

MARMITON.

THE ART OF THE DAY.



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KATE THE QUEEN.—W. GRAHAM ROBERTSON.

*"Hist!" said Kate the Queen,
"But oh," cried the maiden binding her tresses,
"'Tis only a page that carols unseen,
Fitting your hawks their jesses."*

EXHIBITED AT THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

ART NOTES.

The picture of "Kate the Queen," by Mr. W. Graham Robertson, reproduced on another page, and exhibited at the Royal Society of British Artists, belongs to the school of Sir Edward Burne-Jones, though, perhaps, of a somewhat less stiff and angular persuasion. The composition, especially of the five female figures stretching towards the foreground, is particularly fine. The picture is carefully and conscientiously worked out in its every detail.



TELEMACHOS.—LUDWIG CAUER.

On this page are reproduced the very striking bronze figure of Telemachos by Ludwig Cauér and the "Miss Lottie Armstead" of Mr. H. H. Armstead, R.A. The Telemachos is a fine figure, standing in a natural and convincing attitude. His helmet frowning upon his head, the warrior binds his sword about his body, lifting one foot gently from the ground as he turns towards the buckle. The "Miss Armstead" perpetuates a passing fashion somewhat solidly; but the idea is quaint and engaging, and the effects have been very prettily contrived and quite as prettily accomplished.

Art may come and art may go, but sport goes on for ever, and it is doubtless this truth which came home to the heart of Mr. Baird Carter when he

decided, at the fag-end of the season, to hang his little gallery in Jermyn Street with pictures comprehensible under the general title of "Shooting Subjects." It was Mr. Whistler, according to general rumour, who among artists humorously owned that in visiting a gallery he always gave his particular attention to the pictures that had a story to tell. He did not confound the telling of a story with essential art; and, indeed, in praising the work of Mr. Paton, Mr. Thorburn, and Mr. Whymper, one does not confound them for their accuracy in sporting observation with an ideal accomplishment in art; but that accuracy,



LOTTIE ARMSTEAD.—H. H. ARMSTEAD, R.A.

that quickness of vision, and a great sympathy with the subject, cannot be doubted. The little show quite deserves the popularity which it will in all probability win.

Now that the Leighton sale is over, and that the aggregate sum obtained came within a very little of the price asked for the whole

collection if it had been bought by the nation, there has been some discontent on the part of enthusiasts that the nation—or such part of it as might be represented by subscribers—should not have purchased it for the original sum asked. But this is scarcely a fair way of putting the case; for even had the £35,000 been subscribed for the collection, a very large sum would still have been required for the purpose of converting the house into a museum and for keeping it up as such afterwards. Apart from this, it is now generally recognised that there never has been such a freakish sale as this. It is known that some modern books containing neither autograph nor plate went for more than the published price, that some valuable articles sold for a song, some for ten times their worth; but that, on the whole, a far larger sum was given for the collection than it was really worth. These are facts which seem to show that the nation, after all, did well in hesitating to purchase the artistic remains of Lord Leighton.

Mr. W. B. Richmond's mosaics in St. Paul's Cathedral, with which he is decorating the roof and upper part of the apse, the sanctuary bays, and one of the bays of the choir, are progressing steadily. Of the three panels of the apse, the centre contains a simple mosaic of our Lord in Glory; the side panels represent the recording angels of good and bad deeds. Below them are six figures, representing the Christian virtues, and in the sanctuary bays the sacrifice of Noah and Melchisedek blessing Abraham have already been completed. Besides these, one of the bays of the choir has been decorated with a design representing one of the days of the Creation—that of the birds.



MOSAIC IN ST. PAUL'S.—W. B. RICHMOND.

For all this work, which has occupied Mr. Richmond during the past four years, to the exclusion of nearly all other art, he has furnished not only the designs, but has instructed and superintended the workmen employed in carrying them out. Having absolutely refused to make use of the flat modern mosaic and its method, he applied to Messrs. Powell, of Whitefriars, to produce tesserae which bore some affinity to those used by the mosaic workers of the earlier periods (fifth to ninth centuries). These tesserae, at least a quarter of an inch in thickness, are attached to the wall by cement, and when one is told that considerably over three millions of them have already been employed, the amount of labour expended can be appreciated.

Few Academy pictures of the year have obtained a greater recognition on every side than Mr. Edwin Abbey's "Richard Duke of Gloucester and the Lady Anne," not only for its narrative, which is told certainly with spirit and skill, but also for its admirable painting and for the impressive nature of its composition. The picture has now been purchased by the Art Union of London, and will be etched by M. Leopold Flameng. The reproduction is almost certain to have an extensive sale.

After Tissot at the Doré Gallery, Mrs. Alexander Leslie-Melville at the Marlborough. Mrs. Leslie-Melville, however, is briefer than M. Tissot, for she exhibits one picture only against his myriad. Hers is called "Children of Zion," and is, one supposes, symbolical and allegorical of the central truth of Christianity. The figure of Christ is purely conventional, and around his feet, where flowers lie scattered on the ground, cluster a large number of children. There is nothing to which one can object in the picture, which is, indeed, chiefly composed of negative characteristics. The colour is neither exceedingly attractive nor repellent; but there can be little doubt that when the work is engraved it will show far better than in colour. In black-and-white it might secure great popularity throughout household England.

A NORFOLK SWAN UPPING.

Every year, on the second Monday in August, the "Swan Upping," or "Swan Hopping," as it is sometimes called, takes place on the rivers and broads below Norwich. A correspondent of *The Sketch*, who has been present at one of these festivals, sends a few notes on the Swan Upping, which in olden times was usually attended with no little pomp, the citizens of Norwich turning out to witness the operations, and many tourists coming specially to Norwich for the occasion. Nowadays the affair might by some be termed prosaic, but to others it will prove both interesting and instructive. Before proceeding to give a description of the events that take place on this "Black Monday"—for so indeed it is to many of the cygnets—reference will have to be made (writes our correspondent) to the St. Helen's Swan-Pit, situated in the midst of the old town of Norwich. At Abbotsbury, on the Thames; at Weymouth, and at a few other localities besides these two places and the St. Helen's Swan-Pit, large numbers of swans are bred. At some of these places there exist establishments for the systematic fattening of cygnets, and a fairly large trade in these birds is carried on.

to a hundred cygnets which are to be found here from the month of August till after Christmas. If he is anything of an antiquary, he will probably spend most of his time examining the hospital buildings. St. Helen's Hospital, or Almshouse, is also known as the Great Hospital, St. Giles's, and the Old Men's Hospital, and it occupies the site of the dissolved hospital of St. Giles, founded by Walter Suffield, alias Calthorp, Bishop of Norwich in 1249. At the present day the management of the hospital is vested in the Corporation, and it affords an asylum for the aged and infirm. Some two hundred old men and women are now supported here, and its revenues amount to about seven thousand pounds a-year. The swan-pit is situated in the meadow at the back of the hospital, and is solidly constructed of brickwork. The keeper of the St. Helen's Swan-Pit is Mr. John Cox, who has very kindly supplied the information about the birds, and also the photograph.

The first question that naturally arises to the mind is, where do all these cygnets come from, and what has become of the parent birds? We turn to Mr. Cox for information, and he enlightens us on the point. The swan generally begins building its nest soon after March 1, and in about five weeks the eggs are hatched. It is not my purpose to describe



ST. HELEN'S SWAN-PIT, NORWICH.

A year or two ago, at certain seasons of the year, it was by no means an uncommon thing to see cygnets exposed for sale in the poulterers' shops of London, but it is doubtful whether there are any to be seen now. And yet it is somewhat strange that so few people should be aware of that delicacy, a roast cygnet, for in former days no civic feast was considered complete without a dish of swan. A worthy gentleman of my acquaintance did, indeed, once induce a family to try a cygnet on Christmas Day in place of the inevitable turkey, but the experiment could not be described as altogether successful. But, although it may be a hopeless task to attempt to enthrone the swan on that pinnacle of fame whereon sits the turkey, it may not be uninteresting to describe a swannery about which very little seems to be known. Of the many tourists who every year pass through the city of Norwich probably but a very small number pay a visit to the St. Helen's Swan-Pit. Norwich, so it is said, possesses more churches than any other cathedral city in England. The actual number is thirty-five, ten more than the cathedral city of York, which comes next on the list. It is, therefore, not unlikely that the tourist will soon grow wearied of churches, monasteries, and hospitals, and will not venture inside the Hospital of St. Helen, situated in Bishopsgate Street. But let us suppose that a determined traveller has made up his mind to penetrate the walls of the hospital in order to see the swan-pit and the seventy

the life-history of a cygnet; my special concern is with the Norwich Swan-Pit, but those who wish to read up the subject will find an interesting account of the "Bird of Apollo" in *Blackwood's Magazine* for December 1888. Stevenson, in his "Birds of Norfolk," and Yarrell, in his "History of British Birds," both give excellently written descriptions of the mute swan. The number of eggs laid by this swan varies considerably. A pair of swans bred on Surlingham Broad produced eighty-five eggs, and reared eighty-two cygnets in eight years. Usually the swan becomes more and more productive as years go on, but the maximum number of eggs laid will in hardly any case exceed twelve.

For about four months the cygnets enjoy life to the full on the rivers and broads. Many naturalists have observed the care taken of the young swans by the parent birds. If the stream be strong, the old swan will sink herself sufficiently low to bring her back on a level with the water, when the cygnets will get upon it, and in this manner be conveyed into stiller water. The old male swan may be often seen sailing up and down and around the nest, breathing defiance against all intruders. But there comes a time in the life of a cygnet when a momentous question has to be decided. This is a field-day for Mr. Cox, the keeper of the St. Helen's Swan-Pit, for he is the representative of the swan rights of the Norwich Corporation. The second Monday in August is the day of the Swan Upping or Hopping,



MISS LUCY GOLDING.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY KUEBLER, PHILADELPHIA.

and it is on this day that the fate of the cygnets is decided. Either they are allowed to live a life of freedom, or they are carried off to the swan-pit to be fattened and finally killed.

Mr. Cox meets the representatives of the various other swan rights at Buckenham Ferry, and after a breakfast the procession of boats starts to take up the young swans. The first thing to be done is to "bag" the parent birds and examine their marks, in order to ascertain to whom the cygnets belong. If, as Mr. Cox assures you is generally the case, the male and female birds are owned by different proprietors, the brood is equally divided. If there is an odd cygnet, the representatives of the two owners toss up for it.

The cygnets are then divided into two groups. Those birds that are to be allowed to live and grow up to be fathers and mothers are marked by certain signs, the ancient "swan marks" of numerous individuals and corporate bodies. The rest of the cygnets are taken off by Mr. Cox to the St. Helen's Swan-Pit, here to spend the next three or four months. At first the birds are fed on cut grass, but gradually they are accustomed to barley, of which each bird in the process of fattening is estimated to consume about three or four bushels. Mr. Cox tells you that when the cygnets arrive at the swan-pit they are worth about ten shillings each, but that when fattened the value of the bird rises to two guineas. Mr. Cox also receives cygnets for fattening at a charge of one guinea each. At its prime a cygnet will weigh as much as twenty-eight pounds, and when dressed for the table about fifteen pounds.

Mr. Cox tells you that he has had the honour of sending cygnets to the Queen, the Prince of Wales, the Pope, and other celebrities. The following recipe by the late Rev. J. C. Matchett is sent with each swan—

TO ROAST A SWAN.

Take three pounds of beef, beat fine in a mortar,
Put it into the swan—that is, when you've caught her;
Some pepper, salt, mace, some nutmeg, an onion,
Will heighten the flavour, in gourmand's opinion.
Then tie it up tight with a small piece of tape,
That the gravy, and other things, may not escape;
A meal paste (rather stiff) should be laid on the breast,
And some whited brown paper should cover the rest.
Fifteen minutes at least ere the swan you take down
Pull the paste off the bird that the breast may get brown.

THE GRAVY.

To a gravy of beef (good and strong), I opine,
You'll be right if you add half a pint of port wine;
Pour this through the swan—yes, quite through the belly,
Then serve the whole up with some hot currant jelly.
N.B.—The bird must *not* be skinned.

There are plenty of other recipes which may be obtained from Mr. John Cox. Swan-giblet soup is considered a great delicacy—indeed, some people prefer it to the roast cygnet itself. But it should always be borne in mind that the birds are only in season from October to the end of December, and that when the new year is a few weeks old they are not worth eating.

The history of the mute swan is a very interesting one, and dates back to an early period in our annals. The king had formerly a swan-herd (Magister deductus cygnorum) not only on the Thames, but in several other parts of the kingdom, for the swan was looked upon as a bird-royal, in which no subject could have property when at large in a public river or creek except by grant from the Crown. In creating this privilege the Crown granted a swan-mark. In the year 1496 we find that it was ordered that the penalty for stealing or taking a swan's egg should be a year's imprisonment. Poets of all ages and countries have made the swan the theme of their praise. In "Paradise Lost" Milton speaks of—

... The swan with arched neck
Between her white wings mantling, proudly rows
Her state with oary feet.

Some poets have referred to the male as the "peaceful monarch of the lake," but if they had really studied the habits of the swan they would have found cause to modify their opinion. During the rearing of the young there is scarcely any bird more pugnacious, and from his great size and power he is in reality a monarch to be feared and avoided by all that inhabit his watery domain. The swan has been known to attack and board a boat that has ventured too near the nest on which his wife was sitting. But this tenderness for his family does not last when the cygnets have grown up and are able to do for themselves. As soon as the youngster has attained a certain age he is ignominiously turned out, and his parents care no more for him.

THE FLAMBOROUGH HEAD CLIFF-CLIMBERS.

Early in June I was persuaded by a friend to pay a visit with him to Flamborough Head in order to see the famous cliff-climbers at work gathering their annual harvest of guillemot's eggs. After spending the night at Scarborough, we took the morning train to Bampton, where we found our friends George Lownsbrough, "the boss," and George Wilkinson, "the climber," who gave us a hearty welcome.

Lownsbrough seated himself on the grass close to the edge, where the cliff is some four hundred feet high. He had on his back a thick leather belt, round which the "paying-out" rope ran in a groove. This rope, leaving the coil on his left hand, ran round his back and over his right thigh (which was also guarded by a leather shield), and the end of

it was attached to the climber's belt. The climber, George Wilkinson, fastened a broad leather belt round his thighs and another round his waist, the two belts being attached in front to the "paying-out" rope. Another hand of the gang let down over the cliff the "hand-rope," which was attached to a crowbar stuck in the ground. All being then ready, the climber put over his shoulders some canvas egg-bags and, taking an iron pulley in his hand, walked backwards, throwing his weight on the rope



THE "PAYER-OUT" AND THE CLIMBER.

round the man's back, to the edge of the cliff, where he fixed the pulley into the ground, carefully placing the "paying-out" rope on the wheel. The climber then disappeared over the cliff, but his every movement was known to his human anchor. He kicked out from the cliff in the most alarming manner, and was quickly lowered some thirty to fifty feet. He took his weight off the "paying-out" line by holding on to the hand-line, and his fall was instantly checked by the "payer-out" simply binding the rope which passed round him. He went down and down, fifty, a hundred, two hundred, three hundred feet, swinging out in places some twenty yards from the cliff, the hundreds of birds circling round him and often swooping at him. He looked like an insect suspended by a web. One thought the rope must be all paid out and he could never get back; but the human anchor quietly said, "T wants to be oop." The other two hands sat down behind him as they would in a boat, and simply rowed the climber up about a foot each stroke. He soon appeared in sight, walking up the final slant of the cliff, bringing the pulley with him, and deposited his eggs in the basket. The gang moved on a few yards, and the same operation was repeated over and over again. They do the climbing for nearly two months, May and June, getting as many as twelve hundred eggs in one day. These eggs they divide equally and sell for one penny each. I was much amused to see two or three of the eggs on each breakfast-table at the Prince of Wales's Hotel at Scarborough the morning I was there. They are very good, and find a ready market. The cliffs are covered with the birds, and the sea below, as far as the eye can see, and probably a good deal further, is thronged with countless thousands. There are a few puffins and kittiwakes, but the great crowd is guillemot.

I went as a collector, and I was amply repaid by getting many rare specimens which are quite beautiful. Nearly everybody knows that the guillemot's egg varies considerably. The egg is shaped like an elongated pear, about three inches and a quarter long and two inches at



THE FLAMBOROUGH CLIFF-CLIMBERS.

widest part. You can get them a beautiful greenish blue, with all varieties of black splotching or scrolling; green, without any marks; white, with the most lovely brown markings, as if a snail had crawled over them; brownish-coloured, with brown marks, and many other varieties. The curious thing is that the bird which colours its egg in one way always lays the same-coloured egg, and the same guillemot goes back to the same identical spot on the cliff for years.

THE SCENTS OF TOWN.

There is a time of year when the odours of London would baffle the pen of Emile Zola himself. At such a season the modest scribe might be well advised to leave the subject alone but for certain cash considerations. I have paced the streets of town for a week in July, and I have carefully considered some prominent exhalations. They vary according to district, but many streets possess sufficient to stock any moderate-sized town.

Let the careful man go down the Strand in the time of great summer-heat. Just before lunch or dinner is the best time, for then the eating-houses are least offensive. He who is hungry receives stimulus rather than displeasure from *motifs* of onions, fish, meat, and the varied contents of cook-shops. Perchance he insensibly lingers near some such place until, on a sudden, there comes a rush of hot air from an underground kitchen, bringing a concentrated essence of food unbearable before or after meal-time. In the heat of the afternoon every shop distils the odour of its trade; leather, flowers, hosiery, photographs, tobacco—all supply a particular scent. The very canvas that hangs outside the windows has some olfactory trade-mark. With a brief respite by the side of the Law Courts, strange odours flaunt the air till Temple Bar is passed, and then they become worse—yea, almost too bad to be borne.

Journalists to whom Fleet Street, with the dirty alleys and streets adjacent, is an inevitable fact, will acknowledge that its savours are abominable—beyond the reach of all but wicked words. There is an odour of decay, of printer's ink, of fish less fresh than it was, and fruit that has departed healthy life. Whiffs from cheap eating-houses travel free on every zephyr, with suggestions of warm bacon and election eggs. Occasionally there is a sudden suggestion of whisky, but that usually accompanies some happy member of the fourth estate, and never leaves him. It is his bower of perfume, in which he defies all the other scents. There are, of course, Metropolitan districts possessed of a perennial odour, and these are not influenced by the season. By Southwark there is a mixture of soap and chocolate, round Bermondsey leather is rampant, in Soho French and Italian cooking rule supreme; Piccadilly has its perfume, Oxford Street its scent. Take a Great Eastern Company's train and travel in the direction of Essex, you shall pass such greetings as shall make you glad to seldom go that way. But it is the summer that brings a big crop of every sort of scent, that develops the taint in everything, and adds to the burden of work and walking. An you be sensitive, avoid Drury Lane and its purlieus—therein nausea lies; do not go through Long Acre—it is an amateur tannery. Avoid Oxford Street, Regent Street, Piccadilly; avoid main thoroughfares and all that are not main. Even Father Thames is not above reproach, and at ebb-tide is hard to bear. As for the City, it is an impossibility. In short, the only way to endure London is to go out of it.

If entire absence from town be impossible or unadvisable, mankind should live in Hyde Park, with rare intervals for an excursion to Trafalgar Square when all the shops are shut and the traffic is a thing of the past. The Temple Gardens are tolerable, but barristers spoil them, adding, as they do, a dry and unæsthetic element. Next to law and pressmen, lawyers are the driest things in the London summer.

Presuming you would like a pleasant odour in the London of July and August, I will confide a little secret of the one place wherein satisfaction can be obtained and the olfactory nerves made glad. You must get up very early—in fact, if you are a member of any of the London supper clubs, you need not go to bed at all. But leave the dancing-saloon soon after four, and betake yourself to Covent Garden Market. You must try to get in without being challenged; I can manage that sometimes, and hope you can. The interior of the market is delightfully cool, and the very first sense is one of damp, fragrant leaves and fresh mould. There is a plenteous supply of water everywhere; the sweet scents develop rapidly as the market-carts come in from the country. There is no strong sun to call forth unpleasant odours and bid the sweet ones fade and die; yet over in the eastern sky there is a glow of lovely changing colours, telling of a hot day to come. Soon the lounge becomes conscious of an exquisite variegated odour; flowers are being unpacked and stacked for market. Then comes a contest of perfume to which I will not attempt to do justice. It is the meeting of the sweetness of the country in the few cool moments of town. Covent Garden becomes for the hour a veritable Garden of Eden, in which all the choice odours of country lanes and cottage gardens are freely revelling. Here comes a remembrance of Devon, there a reminiscence of Surrey; there is a feeling of delight too deep for words. *En masse*, it is given to the flowers to conquer the Metropolis; separated, on the barrows of costers, in the baskets of the town flower-girls, they shall waste their sweetness on the desert air. Yet such a statement is, perchance, too sweeping. One single flower, carefully carried and properly cared for, will do more to conquer the feeling of nausea born of evil-smelling London streets than a myriad water-carts or a gallon of scent. It is my panacea, and makes such hours as are given to overheated London sweet if not pleasant. Some say it is foppish or absurd to carry a flower. I think otherwise. Sometimes a bee, surprised among the blossoms intended for Covent Garden, and buzzing haplessly through the arid Strand, has chanced upon my *boutonnière*, and clung hopefully to it throughout a blazing day, confiding his troubles to the heart of the flower. When the evening has taken me to the country or riverside, he has departed gaily, as though conscious of a better chance of finding a home than any London street could afford.

SEASIDE ORCHESTRAS.

"Music hath charms," observed the poet, who, had he known his business, would have added that these charms are soluble in ozone. Year after year the seaside orchestra, after taking the names of great composers in vain, and committing every crime in the musical calendar, looks for and receives public support whereby to carry on the annual offence. I have suffered severely: shall I not protest? Shall I not suggest the means of minimising the terrors of the moment? There is no time like the present. By day and night, on countless piers, in pavilions innumerable, the average orchestra pursues its accustomed way, and, while the vast majority does not listen to the music, the people with a moderately trained ear or a natural instinct for time and rhythm vaguely imagine that something is wrong, and the man or woman who understands makes haste to depart to some desolate place where such evils are not.

Seaside orchestras belong to the "scratch" variety. The best performers are those from theatrical or music-hall establishments in big towns, bent on taking a holiday free of cost. Next in order of merit are the local players, with whom ambition and energy take the place of talent. The residue I cannot locate; its ultimate destination is the special purgatory wherein venal musical critics and highly trained but wicked amateurs will be compelled to listen throughout eternity. Yet if the men who perform are, in the language of the comedians, a "job lot," what shall be said for the instruments they operate upon? An ear need not be very keen to note how some violins are out of tune, and others are obviously squeaking; how the brass is divided against itself, and no two instruments are in accord; how strings and brass regard the wood-wind with deep jealousy and smother it upon all occasions; how pitch is neither English nor Continental; how certain sections of the orchestra subside from time to time and wake one by one to a sudden sense of duty with a clamour that drowns aught else. And what shall be said of the man who wields the bâton? He is anxious to conciliate the men from town, who may some day be useful to him, and gives them a solo whenever possible; he is meek and mild despite his fierce appearance, and—sad to say—he has a liking for Wagner, and is given to attempting the Parsifal "Vorspiel," and excerpts from "Lohengrin" and "Tannhäuser," which masterpieces he sandwiches in between selections from comic operas and gavottes composed by himself or personal friends. Sometimes, when a few instruments are one or two bars behind, he looks sad, but so long as there is no absolute collapse he is content. I do not think he takes himself seriously. *Il faut vivre* is his motto.

The leader of first-violins is usually the bright particular star of the seaside constellation. In most cases he is a young man with some dexterity, long hair, and no feeling. He is beloved by young lady visitors, who send him presents as though he were a curate at the very least. Like certain professional pianists, he has a repertory of some half-dozen pieces, through which he can rattle with great dexterity. One of these gems usually does duty on a Saturday night, and is received with enthusiasm. In the morning, on the pier, he usually wields the bâton, at which he is a very amateur. The fair sex crowds round him; his attention to admiration has a somewhat disastrous effect upon the performance, but nobody minds. He has usually composed some dance-music, and the three-four time of the waltz is to him a Procrustean bed, to fit which he lops or stretches all composers, living and dead. Woe is me! I have heard the "Pilgrim's Prayer" from "Tannhäuser," the "Ruy Blas" overture of Mendelssohn, Handel's famous Largo in G, a selection from Verdi's "Trovatore," Gounod's "Romeo and Juliet," and the "Blue Danube" waltz of Strauss all forced as nearly as possible into the same tempo by a seaside orchestra whose members felt they had a duty to perform, and did their best, which was superlatively bad. And let no man think that he can gauge the full extent to which seaside orchestras can fall. Only last year at a pier concert, attended by hundreds, there was a smart shower of rain just before the playing commenced; the seats of three first-violins, including the leader, were wet in consequence. The three violinists straightway went behind the brass and played there.

The summer-time finds me, and many like me, wanderers over our coast, driven away from ozone by orchestras whose efforts would give the common or German band paralysis. There is but one remedy I can suggest—a remedy that would open the seaside to one and all. Let Parliament at once prohibit the performance of classical music by seaside combinations, and allow no conductor to include Wagner in his repertory without special licence from an expert committee. Let these ghouls of music be forbidden to desecrate the masterpieces of the mighty dead. Bid them be content with light and frivolous measures which everybody can perform and nearly everybody compose, and to ensure implicit obedience let punishment be prompt and terrible. For the first offence, two years' hard labour; for the second, a punishment to fit the crime. The offenders should be taken to some foreign Conservatoire and trained for a couple of years, then taken to prison and condemned to listen to two German bands, each playing a different tune, until death supervened.

We are not a musical nation; we are at best a music-hall one, with the finest intentions and insufficiency of taste; let us at least be inoffensive. What can be said for the man or woman who subscribes to the opera, attends countless recitals, and at the end of the season submits without complaint to the seaside orchestra? Does not such an act give contradiction to all possibility of good taste? Certainly, England is the only civilised country that would suffer such a state of unmusical chaos as exists at the present moment in the great majority of seaside resorts.

THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.



A SCOTTISH INTERPRETATION.

"Now, Donald McTavish, do you know the meaning of 'Amen'?"
"Aye, Sir; nae women."



HOME FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

FOND MOTHER : This is my son Clarence. . He is only thirteen, but he has written some beautiful poetry.

FRIEND : Then there is some hope for him.

FOND MOTHER : I'm so glad to hear you say so!

FRIEND : Yes, when they are as young as that it is easier to lick it out of them.



BOY : Plaze, Oi wants a penn'orth o' summut, but Oi forgets what 'tis.

SHOPMAN : Tea or coffee ?

BOY : Noa, 'tain't that.

SHOPMAN : Butter, 'or cheese, or bacon ?

BOY : Noa.

SHOPMAN : Well, is it blacking, or blacklead, or lard ?

BOY : Noa.

SHOPMAN : I can't be bothered attending to you. Go to the dev—

BOY : That 's it, Mister, a penn'orth o' brimstone.

THE WIDOW'S

OLD TOM CAT.

I
There was once, a worthy Dame,
She was deaf, and rather lame,
Who slept, each night, so all the neighbours said;

V
Grimalkin,
Sought out his
Just meet me,
And
Yelling,
I've got to put two
Burglar-men to flight!"

III
Of all this
It was the
chatter-chatter,
sum and matter;

Ten years ago, her boy had gone and died
To buy him off alive,
She vowed she'd work and strive;
For this she saved, for this, was dubbed 'close-fisted'!

IV
One friend, whose love grew bolder,
As our dear Dame grew older,
She had, her Old Tom Cat: who watched proceedings;

Till Bobbie's truncheon sent them
spluttering, sprawling!

IX
Then, one on either side,
He marched them off, with pride,
For others aching pates he cares no fraction!
An airing of his truncheon,
Gives an appetite for luncheon -
Besides, he's such an object of attraction!"

X
The money-bag grew fatter;
And neighbours ceased to chatter,
When, two years after all these strange alarms,
A bonny lad came, singing,
Sent the cottage gate a-swinging,

XI
Ayon, he loved and sought a
Farmer's pretty little daughter;
And when the autumn tins their leaves were shedding,
He armed, on either side,
Old Mother, and young Bride,
And Tom, of course, was best-man at the wedding!

XII
And clasped his dear old Mother
in his arms!

II
Now surely this was lawful?
Though folks declared it 'awful.'
(Slept her "an old Witch" - a tag - "a Miser!"
She was neither one nor other,
But just a fond old Mother:
Read on, and see; all knowledge makes men wiser

VII
Down fell the broken slates
Upon the Burglars' pates!

Now Tom and Fuss, meanwhile,
Upon the cottage tiles,
Seeing two Burglars creeping up
Began to spit, and tare
The broken slates, and swear,
And hiss, and growl, and screech, and yell,
The madder!

VI
The moon rose, bright and clear:
Our Dame awoke: - "Oh dear!
My Tom's gone 'listing too!" she cried: "attack!"
Then, weary of the world,
Her leg lyes up she curled,
And slept a broken
sleep till Tom
came back.

X
The money-bag grew fatter;
And neighbours ceased to chatter,
When, two years after all these strange alarms,
A bonny lad came, singing,
Sent the cottage gate a-swinging,

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Besides, he's such an object of attraction!"

A NATIONAL SCHOOL ON THE IRISH COAST.

BY HAROLD FREDERIC.

Those tourists in Ireland who follow the beaten track, and see only the selected districts for which custom and the guide-books have created a conventional legend of popularity, bring back a distressing mental picture of Irish peasant children. No one who has ever watched and heard them can forget the amazingly ragged and clamorous little nuisances who infest the roads about Killarney or Glengariff, or Blarney or Queenstown, lying in ambush by the ditch, and then bursting forth to race abreast of the car, shouting for "a penny to buy bread," or "a penny for a book." Their determination and endurance are interesting, perhaps. Occasionally they can turn Catherine-wheels as they speed along, and still more rarely they display some individual humour which amuses. The mystery of how their surprising tatters are kept together in the semblance of a covering may have its attractions for a thoughtful mind. But their general effect is tiresome and unpleasant, and I have in my time known many good people who have returned from their first Irish trip with a profoundly unhelpful view of Ireland's future, based almost wholly on what they thus saw of its rising generation.

But once you get off these few main-travelled roads, you find quite another kind of child. On the same principle that it is the coward who

In all, if I remember aright, some eighty children are, during school-hours, crowded into the small and tumble-down building which serves for Dunmanus, Tuomore, and several other scattered hamlets in the neighbourhood. There are benches enough to seat perhaps a third of the pupils. The rest stand on the earth floor at the back of the single room. There is no covering but the naked gabled roof above, and, as this is badly broken, it happens that in wet weather these rear ranks of students not only get wet, but stand in some inches of mud. When I add that it is almost always wet weather in South-West Cork, the discomfort of the place can be dimly imagined. But the children all looked healthy and contented, and here, as elsewhere in the poor parts of Munster, truancy was unknown. The difficulty everywhere is to find even standing-room for the children who are eager to attend and who never miss a day.

The chance was afforded me of looking over the examination-papers of this school, and of others on the peninsula. Most of the children are either named O'Mahony or have a mother or grandmother who was of that tribe. The next commonest name is O'Driscoll, and then perhaps McCarthy, perhaps Magrath, would follow, according to the parish, but both these are modern interlopers. The district, of which Schull is the chief town, has a painful fame as the one in which deaths by starvation always begin when there is to be a famine-year in Ireland. Yet these little bare-legged urchins, the young of a population which has hardly changed in a thousand years, and lives aloof from the world, without industries or



THE VISIT OF THE INSPECTOR.

ENLARGED FROM AN EASTMAN KODAK PHOTOGRAPH BY HAROLD FREDERIC.

strikes the most terrible blow, I fancy that these brazen pests of the tourist's horrified memory are louder and more offensive in Ireland than elsewhere just because they are by nature the shyest and most diffident of mortals.

In the remote and little-known district of West Carbery, where I best love to spend vacations, I have made many hundreds of photographs, but the accompanying picture represents the only occasion on which I was ever able to induce any of the children of the peninsula to come within range of my Kodak, much less to be grouped and to stand still for a time-exposure. Even here I would have had no chance on an ordinary day. At any other time these little girls, with their shawls over their heads, and no bewildering shoes and stockings to embarrass their flight, would have scurried along the road like fledgling partridges at the mere thought that a passing stranger was going to speak to them. The boys, especially those above ten, might not have run away when you addressed them, and some might even have taken, in flustered silence, the coppers you proffered; but a bare suggestion of the Kodak would have sent them scattering in a panic of alarmed bashfulness.

But it happened that this was the great day of the year for them all—the day when the dread inspector from Dublin was to visit the school and test to the uttermost the attainments of the scholars. For this solemn ordeal the girls were attired in white dresses and the unfamiliar footgear, and the boys, though only one of them went to the length of shoes and brushed hair, were very full of the importance of the occasion. They all breathed an atmosphere of the unusual and portentous. It was as if on such a day any extraordinary thing might happen, and so my chance presence and the goodwill of the kindly teacher together wrought the miracle.

means, and often without enough to eat—these small people wrote out examination-papers which would put a village school of Hampshire or Dorset to utter shame.

Alongside of great natural swiftness in picking up what books can teach, there exists in the minds of these Irish urchins a strange survival of the folk-lore impress, which nobody can learn from books. It was a queer thought that, though they were studying modern text-books quite like those of to-day in English schools, and the girls were being taught to work the sewing-machine, the imaginative part of these children was away back in mediæval and half-pagan Ireland, where mechanical devices were undreamt of and English was never heard.

One of the questions set for the examination, for instance, took the form of asking each scholar to write a little essay on the place he or she would most of all like to visit, and the reasons for this preference. A large proportion of the answers referred to some one of the many spots in the district which enjoy a special supernatural reputation, and to the chance of seeing the fairies who are believed to be there. About the reality of the fairies, I suppose, no doubt ever crossed the brain of any one of these children of Dunmanus.

One of the girls, in her reply, said that she would like best to go to Belfast, "to see the Irishmen and Danes fighting." This quaint jumbling of modern partisan scuffles and ancient heroic myths is extremely typical of the district. The Dane ceased to be a factor in Irish history long before the Norman conquest of England. No English boy for five hundred years has thought about Normans as real people whom he might have to fight when he grew up. But in these remote parts of Ireland the Dane is still talked about as if he might descend on the coast

next week. I suppose the truth is that they have mixed up the legendary Danes with the fairies. All over the South and West of Ireland there are curious mounds surrounded by rings of stonework, which are spoken of by archaeologists as raths, but which the people call "Danes' forts." Of course, the Danes never had anything to do with them, and the association of their name with them no doubt refers to the vastly more ancient and half-mythical people called Danaan, who had a mysterious fame as sorcerers. At all events, these raths are treated as sacred places, in which no peasant would dare turn a spade or plant a crop, and where everyone if he listens at the right hour of the night may hear ghostly sounds and the noise of fairy revelry. Thus, by a double confusion, first with the Tuath de Danaan, and then with the fairies, the Dane has been kept very much alive in the keen Irish imagination. Grown people in Dunmanus have told me that the Danes were a small people in stature, only three feet high, a fact which they had reasoned out from the size of their reputed graves; but none the less they were terrible warriors, and it was well known that they kept a close watch upon all that had been going on in Ireland during their absence, and had maps of all their long-deserted raths and hidden treasure-troves, and some time would come and reconquer the country and resume possession of them.

If adults hold such faiths in this far-away corner of the British Islands, what a book might not be written of the wild fancies and superstitious visions which fly in the heads of these little friends of mine, the bare-legged boys and girls of grim Iveagh's crags and bogs and salt-water marshes!

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

From a various heap of stories, issues of this month and the last, five stand out, not only as more or less readable, but as fair types of the most of the kinds of fiction offered to us to-day. The authoress of that cheerful, vigorous, and very popular novel, "Mona Maclean," who writes under the name of Graham Travers, has collected some short stories into a volume, and called it, from a circumstance common to all of them, "Fellow Travellers." They show the same vigour, and, though the themes are sometimes melancholy enough, the same cheerfulness. They have a distinct character of their own, a character which we oftener find in agreeable people than in books. Perhaps it is more the result of even mental health than of particular imaginative or mental qualities. Whatever it be, it expresses itself in a breezy belief in human nature, a tolerance for its weakness, and a carefully poised balance of reason and sentiment. But I want to quarrel with Miss Travers now and again. One pair of "fellow-travellers" particularly attracted me—a little Scotch cottar boy, Sandy, and a little friend, patroness, and tyrant of fewer years and higher social rank. They secretly set out for a fair by themselves one fine morning, their hearts high with adventure and pride. But the little lady is hauled back by nursery authorities, and the scene at the fair, which one had looked forward to no less than they, never came off, a painful and altogether unnecessary incident being given us instead—the death of Sandy by a fall from a swing. Miss Travers may have what used to be called "advanced opinions," but her sentiment and her fiction models are not of to-day. A good thing, too, in many ways.

One of the most promising of the writers of fiction who work in special bits of England, expressing the character, the life, and the nature of the places they know best, is Mr. J. H. Pearce. His "Drolls from Shadowland" were full of delicate poetry and fancy, while "Inconsequent Lives" and "Jaco Treloar" showed him to be a daring and vigorous interpreter of Cornish life. His new novel, "Eli's Daughter" (Heinemann), passes also in the real world of men and women, among Cornish miners and fishermen and the like. There are pages of great power in it; and Mr. Pearce's originality extends to upsetting even the very few notions of cautious and experienced observers as to how human nature is likely to behave in certain probable circumstances. I think it would be impossible for anyone to guess just how Dewence, the heroine, and Hal, one of the heroes, would end. Nor am I altogether convinced by their history as Mr. Pearce tells it, but I think he is in the right in setting our smug generalisations at naught, and his development of them is, at least, interesting.

"March Hares" (Lane), by George Forth, otherwise Mr. Harold Frederic, is built on an excellent situation, but its plot is too artificial to be managed very skilfully by a writer whose real power is his grip of reality. The heroine's meeting with the long-winded American and his enigmatic daughter, and the discovery of her relationship to them, are weaknesses, which one forgives, however, for the amusing circumstances they suggest. Scots are so popular in fiction just now that it is natural enough Mr. Frederic should have a fly at them, as he does in the person of the Earl of Drumpipes; but, with a very rare good-nature, his teasing of a stranger nationality alternates with digs at his own countrymen. Yet better than any fun at the expense of Mr. Laban Skinner and the Earl is the genuine enjoyment to be got out of that chance meeting, in desperate circumstances, on Westminster Bridge, of the two strangers who agree almost instantaneously to chum, and who find very soon that, unless circumstances are to be still more desperate, they must go on chumming for the rest of their lives. Having chosen a situation where it would be easy to be absurd, and still more easy in these days to be objectionable, Mr. Frederic has, nevertheless, chosen to be merely frank and good-natured and manly; and if, by the side of "Illumination," "March Hares" be but a slight production, it is a pleasant book.

It is a less pleasant Bohemia you find in Mr. F. N. Connell's "The Fool and his Heart" (Smithers), and, indeed, in the way of pleasure the story has nothing to recommend it. But it is better than it promises at the outset, and even robust. It is burdened by an objectionable hero, who is described, even as a child, as having the "soul of a saint, the body of a satyr, and the brain of a student." There is a good deal of this kind of affectation, and too much serious interest taken in a young man who when crossed in love takes impartially to drink and to hysterical bouts of religion. We are allowed to see him safely and permanently in the arms of the Church at last, and feel inclined to say with his most intimate friend, "It's of no consequence." But in the course of his feeble career his charitable recorder gives us some excellent pictures of artistic Bohemia in its irresponsible and its despondent moods, and by the way, as do most of Mr. Smithers' minor poets, reveals the intimate connection at the present day between the production of sensuous literature and the æsthetic refuge of the Catholic Church.

But by far the most interesting of the group is a translation of a Danish story, "Niels Lyhne," to which the translator gives the name of "Siren Voices." It appears in Mr. Heinemann's "International Library," and Mr. Gosse, the general editor of the series, writes a very necessary preface. Not that the novel is unintelligible, but it is of the kind on which the writer's life throws much light. The writer in question, Jens Peter Jacobsen, died about eleven years ago, leaving only two or three books behind him. Yet he is looked on as a classic, and critics in his own country say that "no artificer in prose has ever used the Danish language so subtly" as did he. Fine shades and exquisitely lyrical expressions are, indeed, very clearly visible even in the English version—a very good one. Though Jacobsen was chiefly a poet, his first real work was in science. Of "The Origin of Species" and "The Descent of Man" he made Danish versions, and for many years nearly all his time was given to botany. The end of his short life was full of suffering. These bare facts help to explain the elements in a very remarkable novel, which is a strange mixture of the downright and practical, the dreamy and poetical, the passionate and the reasoning. After that it need hardly be said that it is not very coherent. It is, in fact, the story of a man drawn two ways, a poet and a combative thinker, and too much of the one to be the other very effectively. Jacobsen's original intention in writing the story was to describe the ineradicable force of early religious tradition and of religious training, no matter what strength of reasoning and conviction go to their defeat. It is this intention that the translator had in her mind in choosing the title of "Siren Voices," and it is certainly visible in the story, and once or twice it is even prominent. But, on the whole, the idea is subordinate to the general picture of a man swayed alternately by his intellect, his passions, his imagination, and his gentle instincts, and food for powder at last because military service stops the clamouring of his too variously occupied heart and brain.

O. O.

TO THE LOVERS OF LONDON TOWN.

Dear Lovers all of London Town,
I hold you for the bravest race
That laughs at Fate's relentless frown,
And finds in Love Life's saving grace.

For you no quiet, dim retreat,
No shade by day, no bower by night;
The throng for you, the thundering street,
The Argus-eyed electric light.

If you would kiss—and lovers must—
A thousand scoffers grin to see
(A thousand ribald dogs of dust)
Love's virginal epiphany.

If you would whisper, soft and low,
How Love adores and Passion longs,
The surging turmoil's ebb and flow
Drowns the delicious song of songs.

For Love what flutes and tabors sound?
An organ! or a German band!
What Eden-flowers to hem you round?
"The iron lilies of the Strand!"

Alas!—And yet why thus "Alas"?
Sure, Love that lifts so brave a head
Can never be as urban grass,
In springtime green, in summer dead.

Yea, Love is surely strong and fair,
And true immortal, that can see
In Soho or in Russell Square
Old Arden's woods and Arcadie;

And Love is surely fair and strong
(Apollo-Hercules supreme)
That makes a hackneyed coxer-song
The bearer of his dearest dream.

Wherefore, O Lovers, thus say I—
If Love is Love, then all is well;
Let scoffers scoff—at heart they sigh,
Finding in lovelessness their hell.

W. A. MACKENZIE.



JAVANESE PEASANT GIRL.

MICHAEL MUNKÁCSY.

"I tender a *million* excuses," Madame Munkácsy wrote to me (says a *Sketch* representative), "for it is I who am the culprit in leaving you five days without letting you know what very great pleasure M. Munkácsy will have in receiving you any morning before eleven, or at any other hour you may fix. I have been in such a whirl since my arrival here that I have not found a moment's respite in which to resume my duties as my husband's secretary. Once more a thousand excuses until I have the pleasure of seeing you."

Encouraged by such a welcome, I repaired to the Grand Hotel Hungaria in Budapest next morning, and told the porter to take up my card. But he replied that, if I would go straight up to M. Munkácsy's sitting-room, I should find him there. And sure enough I did—in his shirt-sleeves. Madame, a charming Frenchwoman with considerable *embonpoint*, received me with all the cordiality which her letter had led me to anticipate. Nor was "the Master"—as his many satellites habitually style him—behindhand in geniality. He was choosing an arm-chair for me, when Madame told him it was not at all *comme il faut* to receive me in his shirt-sleeves. She hustled him into the next room, and he came back in a few moments looking very spruce with a black coat and white waistcoat.

He is a fine-looking man, tall and broad and erect, inclined, if anything, to stoutness. His dazzling white hair is brushed back so that it stands all on end, and his white beard is combed out somewhat truculently. His cheek-bones are high, his eyes small and deep-set, his skin and lips of unusual thickness. His name was originally Lieb, but upon the occasion of his marriage, in 1874, he was created Count Munkácsy, Munkács being his native town. The story goes that he began life as a carpenter's apprentice. The work was too hard for him, and he ran away to his uncle, who sent him back, but afterwards allowed him to live with him. All the boy's spare time was devoted to drawing, and his uncle, recognising his talent, sent him to a painter to learn drawing with a view to becoming a cabinet-maker. While there, he was taken up by an artist named Szamossi, who taught him for fifteen months. Then young Lieb had to shift for himself, and he lived from hand to mouth, studying first at Pesth, then at Vienna, and then at Munich. Now he probably earns more money than any living painter. Not only does he command very large sums for the sale of his pictures, but he makes a very substantial income by sending them round for exhibition. His latest work, "*Ecce Homo*," is now being shown in a pavilion just outside the Budapest Exhibition, and the place is crowded all day and every day by high and low. After the Exhibition the picture will be sent the round of the European capitals, and finally to America. This has been the profitable process with previous pictures, and just now, when M. Munkácsy is attracting such universal attention, it is likely to be more profitable than ever.

I began by translating to him an extract from the *Times*, to the effect that he considered himself under a debt of gratitude to the French, among whom he had lived so long, and was, "therefore, looking out for a subject which he wished to paint as a farewell gift." When I got so far, M. and Madame Munkácsy lay back in their chairs and roared with laughter for some minutes.

"A gift! Ha, ha, ha! That is very good!" he said. "I think the French have had quite enough out of me already. I am certainly not going to paint them a picture for nothing. It is true the idea has crossed my mind of doing something relating either to Napoleon or Joan of Arc, but the idea is still very vague, and I have not decided upon anything."

"Have you begun another picture yet?" I asked.

"Another? Dear me, no! I have not got this one out of my mind yet. I was hurried dreadfully over it, and had it finished within eight months of the start. I work pretty well all day when I am engaged upon a picture, and then I take a well-earned rest."

"You are now going to leave France for good, I hear?"

"Oh, we shall always keep a *pied-à-terre* in Paris," Madame Munkácsy broke in eagerly.

"But my headquarters will be in Hungary," her husband went on. "You know we are going to found an important Academy of Art at

Budapest, such as they have at Munich, or even finer. The King has offered me the presidency, and I shall devote myself to its welfare. Details have still to be arranged, but that is the general outline of the scheme. Of course, I am glad to return to my country, but for many things I shall regret leaving Paris. I have been there so long—ever since 1872—and I have become accustomed to the life there."

"Yes, indeed," said Madame Munkácsy; "he is quite unused to Hungarian habits by this time, and they are making him quite ill. All the hours are wrong, to begin with. One has to breakfast at about two in the afternoon, and one gets nothing to eat in the evening till nine or so. And the calls upon his time are prodigious. We live in a whirl, and never have a minute to ourselves. Take yesterday, for instance. He had to rush off to the photographer quite early, and he was kept posing for over two hours. Then there were appointments to meet various people at the Exhibition; lunch with Madame Daniel, the wife of the Minister of Commerce; calls to make and calls to receive all the afternoon; and, finally, a dinner-party and a succession of evening receptions. No wonder he is knocked up."

"Oh, I am all right," he returned cheerfully, though he looked far from right. "We are going to visit the Queen of Roumania at Sinaia next week, and I shall get plenty of rest and fresh air among the mountains."

"Are you a great traveller?"

I asked.

"No, I hate travelling as much as if I were really a Frenchman. I never travel if I can help it. Once I was ill-advised enough to go to America. It was when they were exhibiting 'Christ before Pilate' there. I was ill all the way out, and when I arrived my life was plagued out of me by interviewers, and I thought I should never have the courage to undertake the journey home."

"How did you get all your Hebrew models if you remained in Paris? I should have thought some of the Hungarian Jews would have suited your pictures admirably."

"Oh, there are Jews everywhere. I used to explore the synagogues in Paris, and I assure you I found marvellous, really marvellous, types there. Until you had seen them you could not believe that they existed outside a fairy-tale. Indeed, they were fantastic!" and he stopped to laugh at the recollection.

"What is the condition of art in Hungary at present?"

M. Munkácsy seemed somewhat puzzled for a minute or two. His regard for his country and for veracity had a struggle. Presently he half-shrugged his shoulders, and said, "Well, it grows, it grows—yes, it certainly grows." Then he added, after a pause, "Like the mushrooms," which struck me first as a wholly inappropriate, and then as rather a cynical simile. "But, of course," he went on, smiling, "we hope great things from the new Academy."

I asked him about his methods, but all through he showed a marked disinclination to talk about himself. After some pressure, he said there was nothing particularly distinctive about his methods: he made sketches, he thought out the composition, he worked out studies of groups, he drew on big cardboards, and then, finally, he set to work upon the picture itself. Here a Hungarian Deputy put in that "the Master" altered and retouched his figures a great deal. I repeated the remark to M. Munkácsy for confirmation; but he said that was not the case at all, for he never began a picture until he felt sure he knew what he was about, and then there was no necessity to make alterations afterwards.

On the whole, he did not impress me as a bright talker or quick thinker. He was brimming over with good-nature, and smiled repeatedly out of sheer kindness of heart when there was nothing whatever to smile at. But he spoke without fluency, and his phrases were in nearly every case quite commonplace. He was evidently anxious to tell one all one wanted to know, but he conveyed the impression that really, in his opinion, it was none of it worth bothering about. All through my visit a stream of people kept coming, and going, after exchanging a few cordial phrases with him. There was not the least ceremony about arriving or departing. People just tapped at the door and walked in. Everybody seemed devoted to him, and there were many demonstrations of sincere affection.

I came away vastly impressed by the artist's geniality. No one has anything but what is nice to say of him as a man, and the Hungarians think him the greatest of living painters.



MICHAEL MUNKÁCSY.

A SCOTCH JEW.

A CHAT WITH MR. JOHN LE HAY.

"The curtain is up on the Second Act, sir!" cried the call-boy, just as I was comfortably seated in "No. 26," which is the dressing-room of the leading comedian at the Gaiety Theatre (writes a *Sketch* representative).

"All right, don't go; I've plenty of time," said Mr. Le Hay to me, seeing that I reached for my hat with a frown of disappointment.

"Let me know, Johnny"—this to the call-boy—"when Miss Seymour's hornpipe is on."

"There is no Scotch accent in the voice, nor any suspicion of the Jew dialect."

"Why should there be?" he remarked. "I am Irish. My real name is Healy, which for stage purposes I made by an anagram into Le Hay. I have been on the stage over twenty years. What, you thought I was a young man? So I am, if forty-two is young. That is my age. I feel young in this part after playing an old man of eighty in 'His Excellency' so long. I left New York on my last birthday, and arrived in Southampton at eleven o'clock one morning in April. At two o'clock on the same day I was rehearsing the part of Alexander McGregor

on the Gaiety stage. That was pretty sharp work, wasn't it? I liked the part directly I read it, and felt sure that I should make something of it. I have always been fond of telling dialect stories, and Mr. Tanner, the author, who had heard some of my Jew and Scotch anecdotes, told me he had me in his mind when he wrote the part."

"Do you find any difficulty in the quick transition from the Jew to the pseudo-Scot, and *vice versa*?"

"Not a bit. By-the-bye, talking of 'Vice Versa,' perhaps you may remember that I played Dick Bultitude in the adaptation of Anstey's book that was performed at the Strand some years ago. But, to return to the McGregor. After rehearsing eight days we opened at Birmingham; the piece was then called 'A Clergyman's Daughter,' and under that title it was played in the provinces. I like the present title, 'My Girl,' very much better—and so does everybody, I think. The piece has been greatly altered since it was first produced, but my part is practically the same."

"And now, about your 'make-up,' Mr. Le Hay?" I ask, while he arranges his little moustache. "I am told that you have tried to make yourself look like a well-known dramatic author, while some people assert you have taken a certain rich stockbroker as your model."

"Both are wrong. I represent a type, not an individual. Of course, whenever I see a face or figure that I think will be of service for stage purposes, I place it in my mental picture-gallery, and in 'making up' for the present part I had in my mind a young Jew I used to meet at the Eccentric Club—a jolly good fellow, who, I am certain, would not be offended. If others profess to detect a likeness to anyone else, it is quite accidental and unintentional, I assure you."

In response to my questions, Mr. Le Hay then gives me a hurried epitome of his theatrical career. He made his first appearance at the old King's Cross Theatre. Then he came out as a ventriloquist and travelled with a minstrel troupe. In 1879 he joined Mr. Edgar Bruce's company at the Royalty, and he afterwards served five years with

Mr. D'Oyly Carte. In those days he was a tenor, and was, in fact, engaged to play the tenor part in the original production of "Dorothy." He found at rehearsal that he was so much shorter than Miss Marion Hood, the prima donna, that he relinquished the part to Mr. Ben Davies. He played in "Doris" and "The Red Hussar," and was one of the sisters in the ill-fated "Cinderella" pantomime (Christmas 1889) at Her Majesty's. Since then he has played innumerable principal parts at the Lyric, Prince of Wales's, and Savoy Theatres.

"You haven't given up your ventriloquism?" I ventured to hope, for Mr. Le Hay possesses, as is very well known, really amusing and remarkable powers in this direction.

"Oh; no; I gave a lot of entertainments in America last year, and the 'rotten cotton gloves' are as well known now in New York as in London. Let me tell you how those gloves became famous. When I was commanded to go down to Sandringham a few years ago and give a show before the Prince of Wales, I had my figures re-dressed. When I arrived I found that I had forgotten clean gloves for the old man. Very dirty and disreputable indeed did the old ones look against all the nice new clothes and white lace; so, making the best of a bad job, I pulled out the fingers and made them as conspicuous as possible, and then set the old gentleman to gaze upon them contemptuously. 'There's a nice pair of gloves to put on a fellow when he comes to a decent place!' I made him growl. 'Couldn't you afford a pair of kids? Look at 'em—a pair of rotten-cotton-gloves!' And afterwards I kept up his grumbling complaints about the 'rotten cotton gloves' all through the show, until everyone, of course, thought it was a prearranged part of the entertainment. It went so well that I have kept it in ever since. It's funny to note how often an impromptu remark makes an unexpected hit on the stage, and gets written into the part. You know, in the second act of 'My Girl,' where I take Rebecca's hand, and, noticing the diamonds, say—"

"Miss Seymour's dance is on, sir," interrupts the call-boy at the door.

"Oh Lor'! that's my cue. I'm sure you'll excuse me."

John Le Hay dashes down the stairs, and leaves the story of the diamonds and the impromptu untold—until another time.

I may here add that one of the hits of "My Girl" is the song "When My Husband is Sir Tom," sung by Miss Connie Ediss, as the Mayor's wife, in Act II. The melody of this song is taken from "The New Bully," a coon song that is the rage just now in New York. Miss Ediss, though born in Brighton, is an Irish girl, and possesses the wit and vivacity of her nationality. She made her first appearance on the variety stage about three years ago. It

was while singing at the Alhambra, Brighton, that she first attracted the notice of Mr. George Edwardes, who engaged her to play Ada Smith in "The Shop Girl." She played the part in America with great success, and afterwards succeeded Miss Lillie Belmore at the Gaiety. She has a part that specially suits her in "My Girl," and, though she does not make her appearance until the second act, her performance is a feature of the entertainment. She is a decided acquisition to the regular Gaiety Company, which has never been loath to go to the halls for its talent. Another new music-hall comer is Mr. W. Downes, a man of colour who sings a "bogie" song.



MR. JOHN LE HAY.

Photo by Weston, Newgate Street, E.C.



MISS CONNIE EDISS.

Photo by Kuebler, Philadelphia.



MR. LE HAY AS ALEXANDER MCGREGOR AND MISS MARIE MONTROSE AS REBECCA.

Photographs by Turner and Drinkwater, Hull.



A NATIONAL CHARITY.

A CHAT WITH MR. BRISTOW WALLEN.

One of the most remarkable and successful institutions for the rescue of destitute children is that known as the National Refuges for Homeless and Destitute Children, which has its headquarters at Shaftesbury House, No. 164, Shaftesbury Avenue. The work goes on very quietly, but it is none the less successful on that account. Nevertheless, to such a work publicity is a first necessity, and it was with a view of bringing



THE "ARETHUSA'S" TENDER, "CHICHESTER."

the objects and results of this beneficent undertaking more prominently before the eye of an interested public that a representative of *The Sketch* called, the other day, on Mr. Bristow Wallen, the indefatigable secretary, in his office at headquarters.

"I want," said *The Sketch* representative, after the usual greetings were over, "to learn something about your large family, Mr. Bristow Wallen. I know it's large, but perhaps you will be good enough to give me the exact number?"

"We have eight hundred boys and girls under our charge. These are distributed in two country Homes for Boys at Bisley, in the Home for Boys at Twickenham, in the Working Boys' Home here, and in our two training-ships, the *Arethusa* and *Chichester*. The girls are located in two Homes, one at Ealing and the other at Sudbury, and I ought to mention our training-ship depôt in the East India Dock Road, where our shipping agent devotes all his time to finding berths aboard ship for the boys who have served their time on the *Arethusa* and *Chichester*."

"Your work did not achieve these proportions in a single day," I remarked.

"No," replied Mr. Wallen, "it has taken just fifty-three years to grow. Like everything else of its kind, it sprang from small beginnings. In 1843 the late William Williams, along with some friends, chiefly working-men, undertook to raise a certain sum towards the salary of a missionary who was chosen to labour in the Rookery of St. Giles, then notorious as one of the worst and most degraded parts of London. Very soon it became evident that the only hope of achieving anything lay in getting hold of the children. Accordingly a school was opened in a hay-loft in Streatham Street, St. Giles. One of the first boys admitted to the school had neither father nor mother, and got his living by holding horses and picking up garbage in the markets. He was hatless, and his sole garments were a pair of tattered trousers and a sack. Gradually the work increased, and in 1847 there were in existence a girls' sewing-class, a morning-school on Sundays, a boys' night-school, and a provident and clothing fund. In the early part of 1852 a night-refuge was opened for homeless and destitute lads. Twenty-one of these received shelter for the night and a small portion of bread night and morning, but were left during the day to provide their own livelihood as best they could. This was an imperfect system, so the Committee arranged that a few boys and girls should be received into a new building in George Street, which had been originally built for a gin-palace, but was now altered and fitted up as the headquarters of the Ragged School. Early in January 1866, the well-known articles of the 'Amateur Casual,' describing the horrors of the Casual Ward in the Lambeth Workhouse, thrilled the public mind with horror and disgust. Our Committee determined to take immediate action, and accordingly a supper was given in Great Queen Street to about two hundred destitute boys. After supper the Earl of Shaftesbury, a devoted friend to our work, addressing the boys, said: 'Now, boys, if a ship were moored on the Thames, how many of you would be willing to go aboard and be made sailors?' A forest of hands was held up. The public readily supplied the means, and in the same year the Admiralty, on the application of Lord Shaftesbury, granted to the Committee the use of the *Chichester*, a fifty-gun frigate.

"The next year a farm-school was established at Bisley. The old *Chichester* is now replaced by the larger *Arethusa*, whose sea-going tender is the new *Chichester*, named in honour of its predecessor. So much for the past," said Mr. Bristow Wallen; "now for a little about the present."

"The majority of your children are from London, I suppose?" I queried.

"That is so; but we receive them from all parts; therefore our title of National Refuges is fully justified."

"The other part of your title," I remarked, "is also amply justified, for I understand that the only claim for admission is—"

"That the applicant be destitute—yes," interposed Mr. Wallen; "there are no votes or half-yearly elections. We are, indeed, constantly at work, for applicants come here every day, and when there is urgent need we can receive a case on the day of application."

"Then as to inquiries, Mr. Wallen?"

"I am glad you asked that question, for it is important to know that we keep an agent who devotes all his time to investigating cases brought under our notice. He is quick to detect the genuineness or the reverse of an application. Sometimes we are applied to by greedy people who wish their children taken off their hands. Our inspector has more than once found a piano in the applicant's house. Such cases, I need not say, receive the summary dismissal they deserve. We receive no boy or girl who has ever been convicted."

"What is the largest number of boys or girls in any home?"

"A hundred and fifty in any house; on the training-ship a hundred and seventy. In the Homes they stay from four to six years, in ships ten months; but there's no hard-and-fast rule in discharging. At present we are about to improve this Home (in Shaftesbury Avenue) as a place where older boys, after leaving the country Homes, may receive a thorough training in their trade unhampered by lessons, just as if they were apprenticed. This is a point you might emphasise, and it has long been desired that our boys should be as thoroughly drilled in their trade as boys are who have left school and gone to work. In this we follow the tendency of the age."

"We find it difficult to keep boys in the Homes beyond fifteen, so we have a special house for utterly friendless boys who have gone to work. They stay until they can earn twenty-five shillings a-week."

"And by that time what age are they?"

"Twenty-one or twenty-two. I may mention, of course, that instruction is not neglected. Indeed, it is sadly needed, for even in our immediate neighbourhood there are places that baffle the Board School officer. From these slums we receive children who never heard the Lord's Prayer or the Ten Commandments. Our first care is to impart sound religious training and to build up character."

"You are very successful, I understand, in making good citizens?"

"From our Homes boys and girls go out to fill household positions in all parts of the world. Up to 1895 five thousand sailors of our making had gained the Board of Trade 'very good' certificate for ability and conduct. Merchant captains are eager to get our training-ship boys. In the Royal Navy, too, they advance rapidly. Many are bandmasters. As to the girls, of fifty-four discharged from 1893 to 1895, only two turned out unsatisfactorily. In business the boys prosper; one is a leading tradesman in Toronto. Another, a prosperous farmer in Ontario, sent to us lately for one of our boys. We make a special point of keeping in touch with our former charges. Gifts constantly come from old boys and girls. Let me introduce you to Mr. Copeland, our financial secretary, who will show you a list of recent subscriptions from these grateful ones."

"That is your best certificate," I said, as Mr. Copeland laid his paper before me. This led to a little talk on finance with that gentleman.

"In our first year, 1843," said Mr. Copeland, "our income was £100, at present it is £22,000; but only £100 of that is funded, the rest is voluntary. Each house has its own sub-committee to sanction all expenditure and pass accounts, which come before the General Finance Committee. All contributions are paid into Bank; all disbursements are by cheque, after due sanction. Economy in working is our principle. In every shilling contributed, tenpence-halfpenny goes to support the children. Last year we paid less for advertising and management than any other institution of a like nature."

"What is your chief requirement at present, Mr. Copeland?"

"Five hundred new helpers. We lose, in the course of nature, a hundred and fifty subscribers per annum. What we should like is that as many as possible should come forward and guarantee an annual subscription for a number of years. Some prefer, of course, not to guarantee, but are glad to have their names on our lists and to subscribe every year. Just now, with our proposed extensions, additional help will be invaluable."

"Before you go," said Mr. Wallen, "I must mention our devoted superintendents, ships' officers, matrons, and our entire body of workers, who render such valuable aid. Then, too, there's our President, the Earl of Jersey, who, together with the Countess of Jersey, manifests an interest in the Homes of the warmest and kindest nature. To them we owe more than we can well express."

"I suppose I may tell the readers of *The Sketch* that subscriptions may be addressed to Mr. Bristow Wallen, 164, Shaftesbury Avenue?" I remarked as I shook hands with the two excellent and philanthropic gentlemen with whom I had spent a pleasant and interesting half-hour. And neither Mr. Wallen nor Mr. Copeland had any objection, for their beneficent work among the destitute of the land, though great, will bear still further extension.

THE WORLD OF SPORT.

CRICKET.

The splendid if close victory of the Australians over Combined England at Old Trafford, a success which wiped out the crushing defeat sustained at Lord's, has been the means of causing unbounded enthusiasm and excitement to be centred in the final and rubber test-match to be begun at the Oval on Aug. 10.

With regard to the composition of the English eleven, it may be said that Lilley is a certainty. Others are Richardson and Abel of Surrey, Dr. W. G. Grace of Gloucestershire, Mr. Stoddart of Middlesex, Gunn of Notts, Kumar Shri Ranjitsinhji of Sussex, and Mr. Jackson of Yorkshire. We have here practically one bowler, and it is clear, especially after the experiences of Manchester, that we must have for the three other places men who can bowl. But here begin the troubles. Captain Wynyard, who is one of the finest batsmen of the day, must be left out; and with him Brown, of Yorkshire. There is a host of talent which forces itself to the mind, and it is likely enough that the men who have to be left out would do far better than some of those who are playing; but the fact remains that there are only three places left, and, in my opinion, these should be filled by Lohmann and Hayward of Surrey, and Mold of Lancashire. There is more than one purpose in this, since it would obviate a tail-end, for Lohmann is just now batting in almost his old style.

Meanwhile the County Championship continues to engross the keenest attention, and it seems to me that the issue will be practically decided by the big match which commences at the Oval to-morrow, when Surrey play Yorkshire, the occasion being George Lohmann's benefit. It should be a grand fight, and though I am confident in the ability of Surrey, it is quite likely that the spin of the coin may largely influence the result. Yorkshire won the toss at Bradford, and therefore had a shade the better of the draw.

Also to-morrow the Australians oppose, at Bexhill, a scratch side got together by the Earl De La Warr, but the cricket will probably not be of a very serious order. At Brighton, Notts, who used to love this ground, will probably find a handful in Sussex, the conquerors of Surrey; Lancashire should beat Gloucestershire again at Manchester; and Hampshire will probably lose, after a good game, to Warwickshire.

And then on August Bank Holiday we shall have the good old annuals. Surrey will discover in Notts a far different team from that of the past few years, but the Southerners ought to pull through. In the Canterbury Week, Kent may overcome Lancashire, Sussex should conquer Gloucestershire at Bristol, Somerset may be too good for Middlesex, Essex will beat Leicestershire, Derbyshire *v.* Hampshire should produce a fine fight; and the Australians will probably dispose of Warwickshire. Such a busy day's cricket we have never had before, but Yorkshire, it will be seen, take their first rest of the season.

FOOTBALL.

With the sun still shining fiercely, it is difficult indeed for us to believe that the cricket season is steadily filtering to its close, and that within a few weeks we shall have the goal-posts erected and the footballs bouncing over the field.

We get through a very great amount of work in the cricket season, but in despite of that I am decidedly of opinion that the first of September is far too early a date for an essentially winter game. Still, I do not see where the initiative is to come from.

We are promised a very monster football season in 1896-7, and most of the professional clubs are already energetically preparing for the fray. Millwall Athletic, the champions of the Southern League, have got rid of two or three very old players; but I rather fancy that they will be stronger than ever, for the new blood infused is well known. Leatherbarrow, the forward, and Davies, the full-back, have both joined the Chatham ranks.

ATHLETICS.

Now that the Amateur Athletic Association have definitely suspended Bacon, Downer, Bradley, and various others, there is nothing left for these famous athletes to do but to openly pose as professionals.

F. E. Bacon, therefore, has commenced operations by offering to run T. Conneff, of Ireland, now in New York, a series of races for five hundred dollars a-side, and the latter has accepted, stipulating that he will not run any ten-miles race. He consents to do the mile for a thousand dollars a-side, or five thousand dollars, if Bacon is anxious, the race to take place in the early winter.

Such an event would be well worth seeing, for, good as Bacon is, he will find in Conneff an opponent of no mean ability, as the L.A.C. discovered during its American visit last year. At the same time, I would pin my faith to Bacon for a mile, though I do not think I would stand by him above that distance.

LAWN TENNIS.

The championships just decided have seen the brothers Baddeley successful in the Doubles for the third time in succession, their opponents in the final round, R. F. Doherty, of Cambridge University, and H. A. Nesbit, of the All England L.T.C., being defeated by 1-6, 3-6, 6-4, 6-2, and 6-1, so that, as will be seen, the game was a close one.

Still, the triumphant march of the brothers Baddeley, who have surpassed everything done in this championship with the exception of the seven successes of the brothers Renshaw, is well calculated to damp the ardour of all prospective rivals.

Miss C. Cooper retained her hold on the Ladies' Singles, and bids fair to equal the deeds of the famous Miss L. Dod. She beat Mrs. Pickering in the final with consummate ease by 6-2, 6-3. The Gentlemen's Singles went to Mr. H. S. Mahony, in succession to Mr. W. Baddeley, who went down to the tune of 6-2, 6-8, 5-7, 8-6, 6-3. Still, it must be stated that Baddeley was far from well. OLYMPIAN.

RACING NOTES BY CAPTAIN COE.

The Doncaster Meeting will this year be a great social fixture, as the Prince of Wales is to honour the gathering with his presence. His Royal Highness, who the other day refused a big sum for Persimmon, evidently thinks the colt will win. I know Lord Marcus Beresford does. Anyway, the race for the St. Leger should be a good one, and it is any reasonable odds that the prize will go to either the first or second in the Derby. If the Duke of Westminster decides to start Helm instead of Regret, the filly will be backed by believers in the mares' month, but I cannot see how she is to win, and I am now of the opinion that three-year-old colts are a long way in front of the fillies. Indeed, it is said that Persimmon is all 7 lb. better than Thais.

Making handicaps is exhausting work. Mr. W. J. Ford has been compelled to seek a rest in foreign climes, and Major Egerton now goes into winter quarters each year and leaves the steeplechasing business to other hands. I notice, too, that Mr. Mainwaring's hair has whitened some of late, so the work is beginning to tell on that able and active official. I think there is plenty of room for useful recruits in the handicapping line, and I am further of the opinion that no one man should adjust the weights for, say, more than half-a-dozen meetings, while I would, if it were possible, have the handicapper changed at each meeting once a year.

Travelling to and from race-meetings by railway is beset with inconvenience. The three-card-trick men try and get your money *en route*—that is, if the pickpockets have not snatched your purse at the station beforehand. It should, however, be added that the railway police do their best to spot the wrong 'uns, and a well-known railway superintendent told me a day or two back that on his line they always lock the three-card men in a carriage by themselves if they have the chance. I think photos of the sharpers should be printed on a sheet and distributed to all passengers. And the same should be done in the case of the "nap-hand" gentlemen.

I hear of a penny Society paper that is to be launched in a few days that will devote some of its space to racing and athletics. It will be built on the lines of the sixpenny papers, and will be written by journalists of long experience and high standing. Personal gossip is now so eagerly sought after by the reading public that the idea is likely to catch on, especially if the publication is right up to date. Sportsmen are liberal patrons of the Press. This can be seen at any railway station before the departure of a race special. The majority of the passengers buy two, three, and sometimes four papers.

Many of the leading trainers and jockeys are staying at Brighton for the Sussex fortnight, and the Front is lively each morning with equestrians, as the bookmakers staying at London-by-the-Sea have their cobs stabled in the town. The jockeys, too, take horse-exercise daily before breakfast, as though they did not get enough riding later in the day. It will hardly be credited that some of the leading jockeys, those who do not ride to hounds, look out of place on the back of a sturdy cob. They are quite awkward, and appear to be out of their element. All the same, it would take a very fresh cob to part company with them.

It is rumoured that Mr. M. D. Rucker will have a large stud of jumpers in training during the coming winter, and that one or two of the South African millionaires are going in for steeplechasing. I hope the report will turn out to be true, as sport under National Hunt rules needs wealthy recruits to make it a success. Poor men cannot afford to run jumpers, as the prizes are so small, while the jockey fees are so large. I am convinced that the only way to make steeplechasing thoroughly popular in this country would be to institute a series of summer meetings as is done at Auteuil. The Windsor course by the aid of irrigation might be made a model course for jumping.

The time is fast approaching when the telephone will have to be used oftener for the despatch of racing news from the course to the evening newspaper offices throughout the country; and the sooner the better, as telegraphic messages—the ones that have to be delivered by hand—take over an hour to arrive at their destination. I believe plain-clothes inspectors are told off to see that the messenger-boys do not waste time in the streets. All the same, the boys never attempt to break records for speed, and the consequence is, sub-editors may come and sub-editors may go, but the boys go on for ever at their tortoise-like gait.

SOCIETY ON WHEELS.

I understand that "cycling on board ship" is the latest development of the so-called "craze." I understand that the *Christopher Columbus* "whaleback" steamer, plying between Chicago and Milwaukee on Lake Michigan, is supplied with a suitable track. I understand that in some of the States wheelwomen carry revolvers in order to keep off "tramps, footpads, and other objectionable people" apt to molest them. I understand that the weapon is carried in a holster made of covert cloth which matches the costume. I understand that a "bike perambulator" has been invented, and that it will carry triplets. I understand that James Edward Leahan, of Boston, has patented an ice-bicycle, that the lower end of its steering-post ends in a skate-blade, and that the rim of the driving-wheel has a flat tyre fitted with small spikes. I understand also that a bar running down directly from the saddle holds the other skate, and that the machine is supplied with a brake. Likewise I am told that a tin-tack-and-broken-bottle-proof tyre likely to prove a success has at last been invented.

At a recent meeting of the Coleraine Cycling Club a very interesting item of the programme was a Ladies' Floral Cycle-Display, as will be seen from the photograph (taken under very unfavourable circumstances)



THE COLERAINE CYCLING CLUB.

by an artist from the Antrim House Studio, Portrush. The first prize was awarded to Miss Gage, the second to Mrs. Carson, and the third to Miss G. Williamson.

The smallest "bikist" in the world, Anson Clark by name, is a Chicago production. He is two years of age, and described as "a scorchier." My informant declares that this "baby bikist's" wheels are barely fourteen inches in diameter.

According to an American journal, a valve has just been invented which inflates the tyre automatically when the latter becomes in the least "slack."

It is stated that the number of ordinary visitors to the British Museum last year was smaller by 36,000 than the number of people who patronised it in 1894, "while the visits paid to the reading-room were fewer by 8000." Tread on a worm and it will turn. The cyclospesia demon is certainly no respecter of persons; he has obviously stepped on the bookworm.

The only thing lacking at the bicycling fête recently held at the Queen's Club, West Kensington, was a band. All the arrangements were well carried out. By far the most graceful riders were Miss Clifford, Miss Margaret Howard, and a delightful little girl, Miss Henderson, who deserves a better mount than the one she was riding.

Apparently this is not the first time that the wheel-fever has "caught on" among fashion's votaries, and that a cycle-maker has realised an enormous fortune in consequence. M. Aubry, in an article headed "Le Cyclisme," which appears in the current number of *La Lecture Illustrée*, informs us that in the year 1818 a *vélocifère*, invented by a certain M. Drais, of Sauerbronn, "fit rage en Angleterre, où toute la haute société voulut y goûter. On en construisit en fer sous le nom de 'hobby-horse,' et un loueur, nommé Johnson, qui avait ouvert un manège dans Golden Square, à Londres, fit fortune en quelques mois." Further, we are told that the pedal was invented in 1856 by a young French locksmith named Ernest Michaux.

Let me advise fair wheelwomen to read an up-to-date cycling-story called "A Coast and a Capture," by Virginia Niles Leeds. It is written at the rate of some three laps a minute, and published in the current number of *Maclure's Magazine*. In every sense Miss Leeds forces the running from post to finish.

Society is inundated with prospectuses of cycling firms and syndicates. I do not recommend my readers to invest money in these, because at present the boom is so great.

In spite of the great heat I still see the world and beauty in Cycling Row. One of the Duchess of Sutherland's beautiful sisters, so tall and fair, dressed neatly in a dark-blue Norfolk jacket and skirt, and a large straw hat trimmed with shot red and blue ribbons, is, I think, one of the most graceful riders I have seen; she sits so well and manages her machine so gracefully.

Certainly I was struck with the firm and upright seats of Lady Parry and the Hon. Mrs. Saville, whom I saw a short time ago riding side by

side. But suddenly my eyes were dazzled by glittering wheels, and turning round I beheld the slender figure of the Marchioness of Granby, with her sweet face and pretty, fluffy hair, looking so slim and picturesque! Really Cycling Row is a most bewildering and fascinating parade, and, although it may be the fashion to run it down, it is still frequented by many leaders of Society.

The prejudice against lady cyclists is not yet dead, and the reasons for pronouncing cycling an unsuitable pastime for the fair sex are many and diverse. An article, bearing the signature of a well-known lady novelist, appeared recently, in which cycling was condemned not because it was unwomanly, or inelegant, or too violent a form of exercise, but because the effort to maintain a balance was far too great a strain on the nerves! I wonder if the accomplished writer had ever been on a cycle; possibly the difficulties she experienced in her first (and last) lesson affected her own nerves to such an extent as to lead her to imagine that the nervous strain must injuriously affect all wheelwomen in all stages of proficiency. To any ordinary rider "the effort to maintain a balance" necessitates little more strain on the nerves than the effort of lounging in an easy-chair—certainly no more than maintaining a seat on horseback.

The feelings of the bicycling enthusiasts of Brighton must have been deeply hurt by the treatment meted out to their beloved sport by the District Council of Hove. That body were urgently petitioned to permit bicycling along the sea-wall till 8.30 a.m. Not only was this modest petition rejected, but, by way of adding insult to injury, one of the councillors remarked with much bitterness, "I maintain there should be one sacred place where ladies and gentlemen can be unmolested by these inventions of the devil." The irate gentleman added that he had himself been knocked down by a bicycle.

A daughter of Mr. Alma-Tadema is a recent recruit to the swift-footed army of wheelwomen.

The following are among the rides that may be recommended to cyclists in the more hilly districts of the West Riding of Yorkshire—to cyclists, that is to say, who have no record-breaking ambitions, but are content to take their time and to enjoy the scenery of the country through which they pass.

From Giggleswick, by Slaidburn and Whitwell, to Clitheroe. The road is excellent to Wigglesworth (four miles); it ascends gradually from Wigglesworth to Tosside (three miles), and, after an execrable descent past Tosside, it improves very much before Slaidburn (four miles and a half beyond). The total distance from Giggleswick to Slaidburn is about twelve miles, for which two hours are needed by riders who have any consideration for themselves or their machines.

From Slaidburn to Whitwell—Whitwell consists only of a good hotel overlooking the prettily wooded banks of the Hodder, a diminutive church lately restored, and a school—is a six-mile run, which will take the average rider about fifty minutes to accomplish, and he will need an hour and a quarter in which to cover the nine miles to Clitheroe. There is a long and steep hill above Whitwell, against which cyclists are rightly warned at the top that it is exceptionally dangerous to descend; but the view from the top amply rewards the rider, being one of the finest in Yorkshire, with the distant chimneys of Preston visible beyond a well-wooded plain of about sixteen miles to the south, and a splendid vista of hills and valleys stretching away to the east. It is also worth dismounting to look at the Bridge of Eddisford, which crosses the Ribble about a mile from Clitheroe. A most delightful ride of just twenty-four miles will take a rider in some three hours right round Ingleborough, back again to Horton from Horton. The first five miles from Horton to Ribbleshead are the worst of the journey. From Ribbleshead to Ingleton, about six miles, between Ingleborough and Wharfedale, down the Chapel-le-Dale Valley, is one of the fastest and finest rides in Yorkshire. Nor is there anything to complain of in the subsequent road from Ingleton through Clapham and Austwick back to Horton.

But the best rough ride in these parts is undoubtedly from Lancaster to Slaidburn, thence over Bowland Knotts to Clapham Station. This is the Trough of Bowland Ride, nor, except with a bicycle, is it easy to get to the Trough at all. The Trough itself, with firs and oaks growing in profusion on the heaths by the beck-side, is exceedingly picturesque; but the journey thither needs good pedestrian as well as good cycling powers. Many of the hills are too steep and stony to ride down, and the hills to walk up are neither few nor short. The nineteen miles from Lancaster to Slaidburn will occupy some five hours, without allowing much time for rest. But the view, looking back over Lancaster to the Lake Hills, and with sea on the other side, will atone for much fatigue, as also will the ride over Queen Moor.

The rider should carry his own provisions, for till he gets within a mile or so of Slaidburn not even a public-house offers temptation to the traveller. The road improves after Dunsop Bridge (about three miles from Slaidburn), and there are other signs that the region of civilisation is again within reach. Grouse are no longer the sole inhabitants, and some very good houses meet the view even in these wild mountain fastnesses. From Slaidburn, of which the only striking feature is the church and the extreme ugliness of the main street, and where welcome refreshment may be found at the Hark to Bounty Inn, it takes three hours to do the twelve miles over Bowland Knotts to Clapham. To Giggleswick by Tosside and Wigglesworth it takes only two hours; but after a ride through the Trough no one need fear the road over the Knotts, from the top of which he will get a view of the whole range of the Yorkshire Alps, which will amply repay him for a stony ascent.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

DRESS AND DIVERSIONS.

It was scarce royal weather that attended the roses and rapture of Wednesday's ceremonial, but from start to finish of those eventful few hours the popular feeling of joyous sympathy for a bride so personally charming was abundantly manifest, and Princess Maud takes with her a heartier god-speed than always accompanies the "popular demonstration," no less on her own account than that of her popular and much-beloved

mother, "whom to know," a newly arrived diplomat recently declared, "was not only an official privilege, but a personal joy." The Princess of Wales looked radiant, and almost as young, indeed, as her handsome daughter, whose beautiful colouring was rather enhanced by her bridal white satin. Among all the numerous and lovely trousseau-gowns which the last half-dozen years have brought under my notice at royal occasions like the present, none have seemed to me more regal, and at the same time simple, than one included in Princess Maud's wedding wardrobe. White satin, covered entirely with shirred mousseline de soie, carries at the hem a superb flounce of point de Venise; the sleeves long, and with slight puffings at the top, are finished with a



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FOR THE YACHT CLUB LAWN.

narrower frill of the same priceless lace. A train of Lyons velvet in brilliant cherry-colour is embroidered with jewels and gold cord in a highly ornate Louis Seize design. A bolero of this embroidered velvet cut short behind ends in pointed epaulettes on the shoulders and completes an ideally lovely gown intended for semi-state functions, in which Princess Maud will look her loveliest. Equally gorgeous is the Princess of Wales's gift to her daughter—a wide circular cape of royal purple velvet, trimmed and lined with finest Russian sables; but, while complete to infinitesimal detail, the leading feature of this royal trousseau is throughout an extreme simplicity. A cycling-gown, which is the very model of workmanlike smartness, is of tan cloth lined with a light silk serge and faced with detachable linnen collar and lapels; while, for yachting, a dainty little blue serge frock, lined with shot blue and black silk, has rolled collar and cuffs of pale tan suede, the little over-jacket showing a dainty shirt of black and blue silk trimmed with narrow rows of black and white Valenciennes. The mere mention of yachting turns one's thoughts fondly to the gänting wavelets and white-winged boats in which we shall shortly take our week of frivolous fresh air at Cowes—a function more enjoyed each year, it seems to me, as our seasons grow more fast and furious. Dining out seven nights a-week, and dancing until "milking-time" after, is delightful but deleterious, and could not advisedly go on for ever; so, when the social hand-gallop is brought up short by that timely Royal Regatta, our hardworked anatomy rightly bids us rejoice.

Meanwhile the creed of smart clothes is nowhere more vigorously enforced than at Cowes. You may be simple in serge or efflorescent in cambric and chiffons, as you will, but well-turned-out to the last button you must absolutely be. And here, to be appropriately pictorial, are two distinct but similarly delicious gowns, the work of artists in their craft, and models of colour and composition both. The second, a black mohair, lined with geranium silk, has a jaunty bolero, also lined with the same, and trimmed with narrow gold and silver braid; the vest accordian-pleated mousseline de soie, over geranium silk, waistband and cravat of the same cheerful hue. An improved sailor-hat bears a rosy burden of

many-shaded geraniums, set off with a stiff bow of ivory-white moiré ribbon. The gloves and bottines of white kid complete a costume alluringly nautical.

The other sketch indicates a dress of deep ivory silk, over which a cream-spotted muslin in lighter tone looks charming. Bands of black guipure insertion over palest green ribbon are laid on from waist to hem, a tiny shirring of black Valenciennes finishing the insertion at both sides. The bodice, similarly treated, but with a narrow ribbon, is fully gathered in front, and enclosed at neck and waist by bands of pale-green satin. An ivory parasol, lined with green chiffon, contrasts prettily with the hat, a fine black chip, trimmed with a wreath of deep-red roses and ivory Paradis plumes. Nor can I imagine a better background for this dress than the green lawn of the R.Y.C.S. I hear, by the way, that there is an unusually great request for houses at Ventnor and thereabouts this season, and that at Cowes even hair-pins are at famine prices.

The worthy parish of St. Pancras had a feast of celebrities on the "Trilby" wedding-day. It is notorious how the crowd loves a spectacle, and on this occasion it fully appreciated its advantages, and gloated in audible accents over the exit of one well-known face after another from the church-door. Lady Irving never looked better, wearing a handsome dress in which her national green predominated, and a contrasting posy of brilliant roses; and the bride looked as sweet as her friends know her to be. Lady William Nevill wore a smartly made blue-and-white foulard, and Mrs. George Alexander's white hat and frock were in excellent evidence. Mrs. Featherstone Griffin was smart as usual in black and white, though of her pretty cousin, Lady Lepel Griffin, I saw nothing—not to be wondered at in the large crowd foregathered.

At Ranelagh a very sufficient number of visitors were assembled on Saturday for the rival delights of polo and bicycling. Among events of the former diversion, Buenos Ayres measured strength with America, and later a very good game was played by Ranelagh Club members against White's. Two sets of Lancers by ladies on rose-decked bicycles were admirably ridden to the music of the 4th (Queen's Own) Hussars' Band, their performance reflecting the highest credit on Miss Stuart Snell, of the Alexandra House Gymnasium, under whose superintendence this musical ride took place. The two Misses Grenfell, Mrs. Ctway, Mrs. Mocatta, the Misses McHardy, Cook, Holt, Clarke, and Howlett were the heroines of this difficult and very picturesque feat of wheeling.

At Hurlingham, the same afternoon was devoted to a display of motor-cars, with all their pomps and evil smells. Certainly, before popularity is thrust upon them, the accompanying vibration, which is nothing if not volcanic, must be got under, among other objections. At present, the motor-car is very inchoate indeed.

Of several recent gala nights the opera on Thursday, when Melba and Alvarez appeared in "Manon," was to many people the most important. Royalty in three boxes, and every available seat occupied by a brilliant and bediamonded crowd. Lady de Grey in white satin, with a great Louis Seize bow of brilliants on her graceful head, Lady Tweeddale, Lady Gage, Lady Clanwilliam, Marchesa di Vitelleschi, Lady Reay—everybody, in fact, "of importance," and all in full war-paint, gave the old house its gayest air, while of the music nothing but praise can be spoken, repeated ovations greeting the two great artists at the end of each act of Massenet's delightful opera.

Sandown was at its gayest in the matter of silks and sunshine for the



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ON BOARD AT COWES.

Eclipse Meeting. Timely showers had somewhat relieved the cast-iron condition of the ground previously, and everything combined to make the meeting a bumper one. The Prince remained to the last, and so saw the purple and red sleeves lead the field amid much enthusiasm. Many were the gloves and crisp notes lost over St. Frusquin's victory in the £10,000 race. The Duke and Duchess of Westminster were down with a large party of friends, and Regret seemed a healthily foregone conclusion; but it was not to be. Meanwhile, returning to the frocks, white muslins were in the first flight of favour, and two pretty sisters, wearing pale-yellow silks under over-dresses of white painted lisse, and black picture-hats, were deservedly much admired, as were also Lady Curzon, Lady Lurgan, Mrs. Cust (in a striped white flannel), Lady Esher, Hon. Lilian Greville, Lady Garvagh, and hundreds besides of well-known interesting others. Of our several other club meetings, I think Sandown is deservedly considered the most attractive, and when a less headlong method of serving lunch is accomplished there will be nothing left to ask of presiding deities.

A week of weddings was brought to an appropriately festive finish by Captain and Mrs. Richmond Parry's reception at the Botanical Gardens on Friday afternoon, to celebrate the marriage of Miss Richmond Parry and Major Humie-Spry. Considerably over a thousand guests wandered about the pleasant lawns, while the weird Hungarian gipsy melodies, without which no function has seemed complete this season, accompanied the merrymaking. Smart garments were in plenty, many destined to figure forth later at Homburg or Aix putting in a first appearance. One ivory silk, under a transparency of pale-green chiffon, which had insertions of black Chantilly, was most successful. A foulard with large Paisley designs on a white ground was belted in at waist and neck with pale-blue ribbons. A gown of cloudy grey, with insertions of black guipure over apricot velvet, which were placed at skilful intervals on skirt and bodice, was artistic and becoming to a miracle, and white muslins and much be-feathered picture-hats to match came not in single spies, but charming battalions. Nor is any effect more becoming to young girlhood, as our wise grandmothers well knew, and I trust white muslin seasons will long continue. But there should be a sumptuary law passed forbidding it after thirty: the number of young frocks on elderly forms which this year's fashions have discovered is past belief. It is hard to grow old—harder to do it gracefully; but lean spinsters and plump matrons should really remember that white muslin and blue sashes cannot avail them here.

SYBIL.

CELEBRITIES' CLOTHES.

There are some women who have the happy knack of stamping their own charming personality upon one and all of their gowns, and of these favoured few—who take high rank accordingly in the kingdom of fashionable smartness—Mrs. George Alexander is one, being noted as one of the most perfectly dressed women in London, and also having the happy distinction of being the wife of that most popular actor-manager, whose other name, just at present, is the Prisoner of Zenda. So her clothes are naturally of special interest.

Given any number of gowns, placed upon dress-stands, and those who know Mrs. Alexander could always pick her costume out at a glance, and this distinctiveness is to a great extent due to the fact that she designs all her gowns herself. Sometimes, indeed, a pet idea is sacrificed to the requirements of the theatre; but Mrs. Alexander has a goodly store of inventive genius, as the dresses which adorn the St. James's stage and her own wardrobe both combine to testify, and so she soon makes up for her magnanimity.

A notable instance of her perfect taste is the gown which she wore at the Queen's Garden-Party, the skirt a foam of white chiffon frills almost to the knees, while above them the soft transparency of the same airy fabric was embroidered with many tiny bouquets of flowers, outlined with tender mauve, and each little posy held together by a true-lovers' knot. The bodice was made beautiful with the same embroidery, while round the shoulders was drawn a graceful little fichu, which ended its short career at either side of the transparent lace yoke in a little satin rosette; and then came a last lovely touch in the shimmering silver of the waistband, which crossed in front and fastened with two diamond buttons. You must also add a hat of drawn white tulle, appliqué with lace, and just edged narrowly with black velvet, while a diamond buckle held in the velvet round the crown, and at the sides clustered great white poppies with black centres; and you will, with the aid of our sketch, be able to realise something of the beauty of Mrs. Alexander's toilette, which had for background a sunshade all billows and frills of chiffon and lace.

Another lovely gown, which suits Mrs. Alexander to perfection, is of grass-lawn muslin spotted with white, its bordering skirt-flounce trebly piped with white satin, and headed with a little ruffling of satin in the prettiest fashion. The elbow-sleeves are finished with a touch of lace, and the bodice boasts of a softly frilled fichu of white muslin; which falls in long cascade-ends far down the skirt. Midway, however, it is held in bondage by a deep waistband of white silk, striped narrowly with lines of blue, between which trail little sprays of pink flowers. The hat destined to accompany this lovely gown is of white straw, enormously high as to the crown, and wide too of brim, its only trimming being upstanding bows of brilliant rose-pink ribbon, whose colouring some roses nestling against the hair at the back do their best to rival.

In this dress, as, indeed, in all others, a tiny yoke and plain collar of transparent lace are notable features, and generally act as a background

for a string of perfect pearls. The stiff, much-trimmed collar is one of Mrs. Alexander's pet aversions, and, winter or summer alike, she always remains faithful to the lace transparency which becomes her so well. It appears again in a bodice of silken grass-lawn embroidered with many rose-petals in tender pink and yellow, and held in at the waist by some cleverly arranged bands of black velvet fastened with diamond buttons, the yellow of some of the leaves being repeated in the silken skirt, which has a tiny ruffling of black chiffon at the hem, and again in a gown of white muslin patterned with quaint blue flowers and arranged with a fichu of softest white muslin.

And these are but a few of the lovely things which fill those great wardrobes in Mrs. Alexander's pretty room, where the walls are covered with white paper, on which appear many graceful little baskets filled to overflowing with flowers in pale pink and yellow, with here and there a gleam of blue. The brocade curtains are in a lovely shade



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MRS. ALEXANDER'S GARDEN-PARTY GOWN.

of forget-me-not blue, and the green of the pretty flower's leaves is faithfully copied, you find, in the floor-matting whenever you get a peep of it between richly coloured Eastern rugs.

Then there is a downily soft settee, covered with the shining old-fashioned chintz which is greatly favoured by Mrs. Alexander, and on the walls in places of honour hang the original drawings of her gowns, which from time to time have appeared in these pages, only glorified now by old silver frames. The softly shaded electric lights give most perfect illumination to the silver-strewn toilet-table, and then opening out of this delightful room comes another, where again the paper is a delight to look upon, with its sprays of pink flowers twining in and out of stripes of blue ribbon.

Here, one side of the wall is entirely occupied by a great white wardrobe, where a double row of gowns await their lady's pleasure, and among them all I was specially struck with one of black satin, which showed how uniquely smart a black gown can be when designed and made to perfection. The trained skirt had its seams outlined in front by closely clustering masses of sequins, while the loose pouch-front of the bodice—all a-glitter, too, with jet—is turned back with tiny revers from a soft drapery of misty black tulle, which comes against the skin to make its whiteness all the more startling by contrast. As to the sleeves, they are simply a series of tiny frills in white tulle, and now and again some movement gives a gleam of the skirt-lining of vivid turquoise-blue to complete the scheme of colour.

There is, too, an evening-cloak which is calculated to make any woman break the Tenth Commandment, with all its glory of vivid scarlet silk, beautifully and wonderfully embroidered in white with great ostrich feathers and quaint scrolls. Some old lace is draped round the yoke and fastened in front by two beautiful old silver clasps studded with turquoises, and the lining is of black-and-white striped silk.

Truly Mrs. Alexander understands the art of dressing to perfection—in fact, it is a positive education in fashion to get a peep at this particular celebrity's clothes.

FLORENCE.

CITY NOTES.

The next Settlement begins on Aug. 11.

The past week has been very dull, with a marked tendency for all prices, especially in the Mining market, to sag away in small fractions. The only really interesting spot in the whole Stock Exchange has been the Home Railway market, where the dividends have been quite satisfactory on the whole. At the time of writing the North-Western, Great Western, and Great Northern results are the only important ones yet to be made public. There is a cloud, however, over this market, which, if it bursts in the form of a coal-strike cyclone, may have disastrous effects. We hope that nothing of the kind will take place; but it would be folly not to recognise that there is considerable uneasiness as to the coal-miners' position, and that if a general strike does come about prices would suffer heavily. It is therefore necessary for speculators who have Home Rails open to see that, if anything unfortunate does happen, they are in a position to meet considerable differences.

YANKEES.

Are the Eastern States living in a fool's paradise about Mr. Bryan's chances of carrying the Presidency next November, or is the Republican ticket the moral certainty they would have us believe? Evidently, so far, the big "gold bugs" and monopolists of the East are not backing their opinion by buying stock, and, although we shall not believe in Mr. Bryan's victory until we see it, there are not wanting signs that all over the Union there is a very large, and perhaps increasing, proportion of the voters who are sick of the corruption and wire-pulling which has for the last thirty years characterised both great parties in the States. All the wild talk about "revolutions," "monopolists," and the like, which is being indulged in on the other side of the water, and which are the Bryanite war-cries, do but express the inarticulate discontent with a form of government which has been run for so many years in the interests of the few and to the detriment of the many, and which, probably not this time, but certainly some day, will produce a great upheaval. Of course, all holders of Yankee securities will watch the fight with the keenest interest, for, should Mr. Bryan by any chance win, it will be difficult for them to realise at much lower prices than are even now ruling.

THE TRUSTEES, EXECUTORS, AND SECURITIES' INSURANCE REPORT.

In many ways our readers who are interested in this company will not be dissatisfied with the balance-sheet. Seventeen thousand pounds is not a big net profit to make on a capital of £1,400,000, to say nothing of debentures to the tune of £416,000 more; nor does it make a large hole in the debit of £859,000 which was the legacy of woe left behind by the Saloman régime; but it is better than many of us expected. Two things are self-evident. In the first place, the debentures of all classes are amply secure, and no fear need be entertained of any further calls; and in the second, a cutting down of the capital is imperative to bring the concern even into a humble dividend-paying position. With this capital reduction carried out, and new business, of which there is plenty about, obtained on conservative lines, there is no reason why the corporation should not slowly regain a position of respectability and usefulness in a few years. The advice we have so often given to shareholders not to give away their shares is amply justified both by the present rise in value and the report.

THE RUSSIAN LOAN.

This issue, which has been talked about for weeks, is, after all, to be made for about £16,000,000, and if it depended on English subscriptions we do not suppose the Czar would get his money. For years the Russian Revenue, if you believe the official budgets, has shown large surpluses, but, on some plausible pretext or other, fresh borrowing is for ever taking place. We can see no attraction in holding Russian bonds, and, we are glad to say, our opinion is shared by the majority of investors in this country; but, all the same, there may be a moderate premium to be picked up out of an allotment of the new loan, and those of our readers to whom premium-snatching is attractive might keep an eye on the issue.

COMMERCIAL BANK OF AUSTRALIA.

Events are moving rapidly in connection with this institution, on the position of whose affairs we commented last week. A petition for the liquidation of the bank on this side has been presented. It is for the Courts to decide whether or not the petition shall be granted. Our own views on the subject were set out fully last week, and we have no reason to depart from the opinion then expressed, to the effect that the opposition to the scheme is of a factious character, and that the creditors would have best served their own interests by assenting to it. The choice, of course, is no longer open to them, as the stipulated time has expired. We have no doubt that an overwhelming majority of proxies in favour of the scheme has been sent in; but the matter is now in the hands of the Court, to which, it may be assumed, all the essential facts will be submitted. It would be improper on our part, under the circumstances, to make any suggestion as to the probable nature of the decision. We can only express our regret that—whoever is to blame—such a regrettable incident should have occurred. It will, no doubt, be made known by cable to Australia, as it has been made known here through the daily Press, that a liquidation petition has been presented, and infinite mischief may be done pending the decision of the English Courts.

THE TROUBLES OF THE CHARTERED COMPANY.

Our readers have had our advice to sell these shares on every advance, and if they have taken that advice they must have profited by it. From every point of view the outlook for them is dangerous. The Charter itself is not safe; the Company is in pecuniary straits, if we may judge from the extraordinary terms on which the debentures were issued, and from the still more extraordinary conditions under which the shareholders were offered a chance of participation. Suppression of the Matabele revolt does not appear to be progressing in the easy manner which was anticipated, and there must also be considered the question of what the Company will ultimately have to pay, not only for the cost of the present military operations, but also for the indemnity to the Transvaal Government. That Government—judging from past experience—is not likely to make its claim a very moderate one; and an appeal *ad misericordiam* for a reduction would not be palatable. Yet the market is somehow or other supported. To a large extent its strength is the result of manipulation, but there is evidence that small speculative investors are buying little parcels of shares—ten or twenty—in the belief that the intrinsic value of them is still underrated in the market. It is to be hoped that they will not have reason to regret this belief. Our readers are not likely to speculate in this direction.

In sounding a note of warning, we do so not because of doubts as to the mineral wealth of Rhodesia, but because, admitting for the sake of argument that wealth to the fullest extent, the existing circumstances are such that it will probably be a long time before there is a proper chance of exploiting them, so as to bring the Chartered Company into the envied ranks of the dividend-payers. At present, a prospector or a settler has to carry his life in his hand, with a fair prospect of losing it. There can be little or no doubt that the rebellion will be effectually stamped out; but this must have been done for some time before a proposal to the public to embark money in a Rhodesian venture becomes likely to attract the speculative investor. And it is on the introduction of capital that the Chartered Company must depend for the expected profits which keep the shares even at the present premium of about 200 per cent.

It would be rash to say how long the recent and existing complications have retarded the development of the Chartered Company's territory, but the time must be very considerable.

ACME INSURANCE.

There is a considerable amount of ingenuity in the central idea of this company—that a fire insurance policy should be given along with a subscription to a periodical. But would there not have been more promise of success if the novelty had been taken up by some well-known company which goes in for the latest developments? The insurance field is pretty well covered already, and there is no patent in the idea. We see no reason why it should not prove attractive; but if it does so, there are companies already in existence, with elaborate organisations and large capital and funds, which could pay to the Acme Insurance Company the "sincerest flattery" of imitation, and thus, we fear, knock it out of the field. For the sake of the originator of this novel and ingenious idea, we are sorry that we cannot endorse the optimistic expectations of the prospectus. If the plan "catches on" it will be adopted by other companies whose machinery is in working order, and who will have the advantage of the Acme Company by reason of that fact. If it does not, the Acme will be left to make the best of a bad bargain.

It is, possibly, a subject for regret that so ingenious an idea should not be suitable for the formation of an individual joint-stock company; but the fault, if there be any fault, lies with our laws. You cannot patent an idea of this kind, and you are thus handicapped by the fact that your competitors can calmly look on until you are successful and then "go one better." How does it come about that on the board there is not one gentleman described as a director of any existing insurance company, or as having any experience in insurance matters? Experience of the kind would have been invaluable.

THE SHEFFIELD RAILWAY REPORT.

In the report of the directors of the Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire Railway Company there is made the very important announcement that "the remainder of the capital authorised for the new line—that is, the London Extension—has been fully subscribed." While there existed some doubt as to the railway outlook, as has been the case during the past few years, there was naturally a difficulty in procuring the capital for any new venture, and particularly for such an ambitious venture as extension to London of the Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire system, with a terminus in the Metropolis. But now that the outlook is so much brighter, the difficulty disappears, and there is every reason to look for the successful completion of the undertaking, and the inclusion of the Sheffield Company as one of the direct competitors for the traffic to the North from London. This prospect is made all the brighter by the further statement in the report that arrangements have been completed by which the company has obtained possession of the property required for the London terminus. It seemed at first a "wild-cat" scheme; but it has been pushed on in the most determined way, and the directors' report puts it beyond all doubt that it will be completed. From the public's point of view the London Extension will, it is certain, be a great benefit. It will open up a district which has been, unfortunately, very much restricted as to railway facilities. We must confess to a lurking doubt as to whether the opening-up of this district will be immediately remunerative; and

also as to whether the Sheffield Company will be able to compete on remunerative terms with the great trunk lines, whose obvious interest it is to maintain the reputation they have achieved for fast expresses to the North.

STATUTORY MEETINGS.

We have noticed of late a tendency among the chairmen of new companies to preface their speeches at the statutory meetings by remarks to the effect that they have nothing particular to say, but that the Legislature has enacted that a meeting shall be held within four months of the date of registration. This provision appears to be resented in many cases. It is not a particularly brilliant one, from any point of view, and it appears to have been framed on some nebulous idea that it would conduce to the protection of shareholders. Where the protection comes in we fail to see. If the regulation embodied any particulars as to what was to be the business of these "statutory" meetings, we might be able to express an opinion. Of course, the amount of capital applied for, the total allotment money received, and suchlike details, should be disclosed, but they are not even mentioned. As matters actually stand, the only effect of the enactment appears to be that a meeting must be held at which, *pro forma*, something must be said by the chairman so as to prevent the company becoming a butt for ridicule. The Bill now passing through Parliament does not cover this point; but knowledge of financial questions is not a notable characteristic of the British Parliament in its legislative capacity, whatever may be the knowledge of such matters possessed by individual members.

THE RAND.

We hope next week to present to our readers the first of a further series of letters from our Johannesburg correspondent, and we think they will prove at least of equal interest to those which we were able to print earlier in the year. This series, like the last, will deal with the best dividend-paying mines only. During the week all things mining have, as we led our readers to expect, proved very dull, and in nearly every case prices are either stationary or lower than they were when last we wrote. The good news from the Robinson Deep Mine has not had the stimulating effect which some people expected, and, indeed, the public apathy is for the moment quite beyond the power of telegrams to remove. A certain well-known mining expert whose photograph we were going to reproduce in this column has even gone so far as to ask us to put off the—honour, shall we say?—until a time when more interest is taken in the concerns which have made him famous; but the most sanguine dealers in both the African and West Australian Market still consider that between the middle and end of August things will probably improve. Meanwhile the papers are flooded with new ventures, which, unless we are greatly mistaken, are not being subscribed with any freedom, and the baser sort of tout is, when he can raise the cash, sending out puffing circulars of all sorts and conditions of low-class shares. The greatest caution should be exercised by both investors and speculators in mines at the moment.

We trust our readers have not bought Doric Gold-Mines, Limited, shares, to raise the price of which a large quantity of gratuitous literature is being circulated, at whose expense we do not profess to know.

BUENOS AYRES WESTERN RAILWAY.

We have been asked to remind those of our readers who may be holders of the Western of Buenos Ayres Six per Cent. Mortgage Debentures of 1882 that the offer of the Buenos Ayres Western Railway to convert these bonds into the company's Four per Cent. Debenture Stock is only open until the 31st inst.; and, as we think holders would be wise in effecting the exchange, we are very glad of the opportunity of bringing the fact to their notice.

The following new ventures have come under our notice during the week. We have recorded our opinion very briefly as to each—

The Langloan Iron and Chemical Company, Limited.—Very speculative. We should not care for either the debentures or shares.

The Waitekauri Consolidated Gold-Mines, Limited.—We do not advise the speculation.

The Acme Insurance Company, Limited.—A plausible scheme into which we hope none of our readers have been tempted. See our "Notes."

Great Boulder Junction Reefs, Limited.—To be avoided at present.

The Lazerages Pneumatic Tyre and Self-Healing Inner Tube Company, Limited.—To be avoided by all but the most speculative.

Channel Islands Produce Company, Limited.—Most unattractive.

Burbank's No. 1 West Gold-Mines, Limited.—We advise our readers to leave it alone.

Brownhill Central Gold-Mines, Limited.—We should prefer to keep our own money out of this concern.

The Securities Conversion Association, Limited.—To be avoided—very much so.

Thomas Cudlipp and Company, Limited.—One of those things which are too small to be turned into a successful company.

Thomas Edward Brinsmead and Sons, Limited.—To be avoided—very much avoided.

The Burma Railways Company, Limited.—Gilt-edged, of course.

India and Ceylon Tea Company, Limited.—A good industrial concern.

Cowdery's Patent Switchback Steeplechase, Limited.—To be avoided.

John Lovibond and Sons, Limited.—Both the preference shares and the debentures appear attractive.

The British Gas Traction Company, Limited.—The concern seems to promise well.

The Wharnccliffe Dwellings Company, Limited.—As an investment it is

probably all right, but the rate of interest is not high enough for the risk. The dividend is non-cumulative, which makes it worse.

The Charing Cross and Strand Electric Supply Company, Limited.—The dividend on these preference shares appears well secured.

La Reine d'Or Gold-Mining Company, Limited.—Far better left alone.

The Ashley Gardens Properties, Limited.—The debentures are safe enough, and the preference shares seem to us well secured.

The Brockie-Pell Arc Lamp, Limited.—Very speculative.

The Cataract Barberton Gold-Mining Company, Limited.—To be avoided.

Lovell and Christmas, Limited.—A fair industrial investment.

The New Brighton Tower and Recreation Company, Limited.—We do not see that the shares offer sufficient inducement for the risk.

The Cannon Brewery Company, Limited.—First-rate debentures.

The New Zealand Iron and Steel Company, Limited.—We hope nobody will be fool enough to apply.

Benskin's Watford Brewery, Limited.—These "B" debentures appear well secured.

THORPE BROTHERS AND CO., LIMITED.

Home industries are all the "go" just at present, and it seems as if the public, when it takes to any particular kind of security, is quite unable to distinguish between the sound and the unsound offers which promoters put before it. The prospectus of this concern is a good example of saying a great deal about a business and making it look satisfactory to the casual reader, when, in fact, the more you read and digest what is said, the more unlikely, if you exercise common prudence, you would be to apply for shares or debentures.

We believe the concern is being brought out by the same people that handled Maynards, Limited, in which many of our readers invested at the time of its issue. The company takes over a drapery business in Bradford, and, missing out the first two paragraphs of the prospectus, we come to the auditors' certificate, a truly remarkable document. The amount of the gross sales is given, and we are told that, if a certain rate of increase continues, the total for this year will be £100,541; but there is not one word to show what the net profit has been, and, even to arrive at what it will be in the future, the auditors have to disregard their proper function and assume what ought to be the proper working expenses. For all the auditors tell us, the business may have been worked at a loss, or, at least, at very little profit, in the past. When the directors go on to say that it will be seen that the present profits "suffice to pay," &c., we are obliged to warn our readers that there is nothing in the prospectus from which any such thing can be seen. No doubt, the freehold premises are worth a good bit, but we remember so many cases of valuations of trade premises being quite beside the mark when the business failed to pay that in this case we can only say he would be indeed a confiding man who lent his money at the rate of interest offered on the debentures, while the waiver clause is so sweeping that it clearly covers the promotion contracts. Is somebody making a huge profit?

We have dealt at length with this prospectus because it represents a class of business which is being eagerly subscribed at the moment, and we have endeavoured to make our criticism a model by which our readers may examine for themselves the numerous documents of a like kind which come into their hands from day to day.

Saturday, July 25, 1896.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All letters to be addressed to the "City Editor." Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

NOTE.—In consequence of the Bank Holiday, no letters received after the 30th inst. can be answered next week.

BELLDIGHIR.—(1) Tetuan; (2) New Organos; (3) New S.E. Wynaad. Thank you for the P.O.O. to cover the search fees we paid.

H. M.—We wrote you our candid opinion on the 22nd inst.

D. W. T.—The preference shares are not a bad industrial investment, in our opinion, and we should hold them if it is a fair rate of interest you want.

WELLEN.—Unless the money is burning holes in your pocket, you had better not invest it in the concern you suggest.

ARGENTINE.—We should hold both stocks named by you. The position is improving every month.

J. R.—(1) The last general meeting of this company was held on Dec. 31, 1895. (2) We think well of this company, but the West Australian Market does not encourage buying at the moment. (3) The newspaper company we mentioned some time ago was C. Arthur Pearson, Limited, already out. (4) We think you might buy the moment things look better in the West Australian Market.

DUNLOP.—We do not like advising until we see a prospectus. General opinion points to October as the date of flotation. To the second part of your letter we can only answer "no."

WESTRALIA.—We think well of the Menzies Company mentioned by you. There is no price for the shares. We expect the company was not well subscribed.

S. P. W.—Thanks for your letter. We are glad you found the lottery bond dealers we recommended satisfactory. We shall, as occasion requires, continue to expose any cases of sharp practice or unfair dealing which come under our notice.

CROMER.—The allotments are not all out, but before you read this answer you will know what you have got. It will probably be about one-fifth of your application. In the newspaper company we mentioned last week as likely to come out soon we will try to do better for you. The probable date will be October.

W. H. L.—See last answer.

FRANK.—Your question is dealt with in this week's "Notes."

PEN.—We should hold on to No. 1. As to the mine we have no special information, but we do not fancy it.

For Goodwood, Brighton, and Lewes races the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway Company are running special trains.

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"GOOD-BYE!"